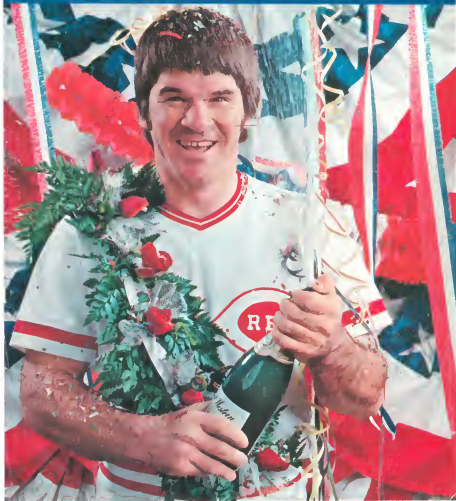


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Sports Illustrated

DOUBLE ISSUE DECEMBER 22-29, 1975 ONE DOLLAR

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: PETE ROSE



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THE MEN will be separated from the boys in pro football as eight teams battle it out in the playoffs. SI's traveling squad of Dan Jenkins, Mark Mulvoy, Edwin Shrake and Ron Reid will report.

THE PROS of the NHL will be facing off against the best "amateurs" that a very professional Soviet system can produce. Mark Mulvoy toured the Moscow hockey factories for a preview.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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"Writers are dreamers. They always want to be somewhere other than where they are," says Nathan Adams. Adams' dreams have taken him just about everywhere, and his cozy Alexandria, Va. home proves it. The brownstone is decorated with African game trophies, antique spurs, branding irons, bells from tiger hunting in India, bangles and raffles. And there are more souvenirs to come, because 41-year-old hunter, fly-fisherman, ex-vagabond, novelist, sleuth, *Reader's Digest* associate editor and ex-football player Adams still is chasing his dreams. His most recent trip took him to Saudi Arabia, where he researched a story on what happens to a barrel of oil from the time it is pumped from beneath the desert until it reaches the U.S. consumer.

Adams' stories for *SI* (*Good Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*, which begins on page 90, and a 1963 piece on marlin fishing off the Kenyan coast) were taken from his African wanderings. As a young salesmen, he happened to watch a movie about Beirut and was seduced by the twang of its Eastern music. Adams quit his job, left for Asia and eventually landed in Africa. During 1960-61 he lived in Kenya, fishing and doing elephant-control shooting in the game parks. To support himself, Adams "sort of backed into writing" as a stringer for Reuters and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and as an advertising copywriter for local hotels and Bush TV.

Tired of "living like a cockroach," he returned to the U.S. in 1967 to publish his successful first novel, *The Fifth Horseman*, which is about a German SS man who comes to grips with the horrors he committed during World War II. Since then, Adams has written on topics ranging from the Symbionese Liberation Army and disappearing



ADAMS LETS HIS DREAMS FLY

hangs out at Ed Curnow's Tackle Shop. It was there that Senior Editor Pat Ryan located Adams to tell him that we would publish *Good Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*. Ryan was told that she could get in touch with Adams by leaving a message at the tackle shop. Although fearing this method might require weeks for a reply from the writer, Ryan called Montana and asked if by any chance Adams was around. "He's standing right here," said Curnow.

In Montana, Adams shoots pool with the locals, hunts with an ex-prizefighter turned justice of the peace and watches a man named Huckleberry Slowski's shoe horses. And, most of all, he fishes.

Coming down from an angling expedition in the Spanish Peaks of Montana one afternoon, Adams saw Ennis Lake shimmering on the floor of the valley below and was reminded of Lake Sasumua at the edge of Kenya's Great Rift Valley. Years before, he had spent Christmas fishing there with a British companion. From that recollection came his story about the Brown Trout Inn and an English Yuletide celebrated in the bamboo forests of Africa. It was just the kind of scene a writer dreams of.

Sack Meyer

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**FITNESS IN 30
MINUTES A WEEK**
By J. G. BENTLEY
NORMAN, NEB.
FEBRUARY
1965

183 JIMMY THE GREEK, by James O'Connell. The author's first novel, signed "J. O'Connell," is a well-written, fast-paced story about a young man who goes to Greece to find his father.

TET RAGS 7-8
 1-2 3-4 5-6 7-8 9-10
 11-12

¹ Sports Illustrated® Book Club
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1990. "Factor in public debt: U.S. prices. Deflated the U.S. price in 1980." *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 85, 103-11.



Sound level meter probe comparing interior noise levels of the Granada, Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280.



Tests represent a comparison of the Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 conducted at different speeds over a variety of road surfaces.

Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured over vari-

ous road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards. (Above right)

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

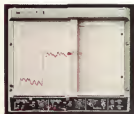
Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph.

A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.

CADILLAC SEVILLE	66.0
FORD GRANADA	67.5
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	68.5



Interior view of the 1976 Ford Granada.



1976 Ford Granada. Price as shown, \$3,999.00. *MSRP. Excludes destination charge, tax, license, title and optional equipment.



Photo shows 4-door Granada with 200 CID engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Price \$13,798.



GRANADA 4-DOOR \$13,798

MERCEDES-BENZ 280 \$12,225

CADILLAC SEVILLE \$12,479

A good car at a good price. It's a Ford 1976.



Photo shows 2-door and 4-door Ford Granada with 200 CID engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Price \$13,798.

EPA test: Gas mileage

An important test of any car's performance today is its gas mileage. The 1976 Granada, with its standard 200 CID engine and manual transmission (not available in Calif.) received an official U.S. Government EPA estimate of 30 miles per gallon, highway, and 22 city.

Of course, your mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. But compare Granada's EPA ratings for yourself before you buy.

Personal comforts

Put Granada to this test yourself. We feel confident you'll find it well endowed in the passenger comforts. Designed for interior spaciousness—front and back. With plush cut-pile carpeting. Deep-

cushioned seats. Recessed control panel for added room. A remarkably smooth and quiet ride.

Now compare the feeling of comfort inside a new Ford Granada with any fine car of your choice.

Price: Under \$4,000

Ford Granada was designed to offer the classic style and comforts of some of the world's finest automobiles—at a sensible price.

Ford Granada's base sticker price \$3,707 for the 2-Door, \$3,798 for the 4-Door, excluding taxes, title and destination charges (with 200 CID engine, not available in Calif.). Of course, you can add popular options such as automatic transmission, AM/FM radio, air conditioning, and very special luxury touches, as well.



Photo shows 2-door Ford Granada with 200 CID engine. Price \$3,707.

If you're looking for something special in a new car this year, visit your local Ford Dealer. Give the 1976 Ford Granada your closest inspection.

**The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.**

*The 1976 Ford Granada 4-Door, Sticker Price \$3,798 with 200 CID engine, 4-speed manual transmission, and 200 CID engine. Price \$3,707.



FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



WRAP-up

Did you hear the one about the advertising executive who was sitting in a bar when a drunk walked up and asked if he had any pets and the adman said, "Yeah, I keep a rock. You don't need a license. You don't have to feed it. It doesn't mess up. It's quiet and there are no offspring to worry about."

If you don't think that is funny, perhaps you will like the follow-up—500,000 people have gone into such stores as Macy's, Neiman-Marcus, Penney's and Sears to pay \$4 for a Pet Rock. And the mayor of Cupertino, Calif. has suggested the town invoke a leash law for pet rocks.

Useless items are nothing new to the U.S. consumer and no one embraces a fad like an American, but \$4 for a rock? Well, think about it. They are quiet and no landlord ever evicted a tenant for keeping one. As the 32-page training manual which accompanies a Pet Rock states, "Your rock will mature into a faithful, obedient, loving pet with but one purpose in life—to be at your side when you want it and to go lie down when you don't." Whatever else one might accuse Rock Bottom Productions of, one cannot claim false advertising. Nowhere does it say that a Pet Rock will speak or jump through a hoop. But it can (and will) play dead, roll over and attack—if it is properly trained.

"These rocks are gathering green dollars instead of moss," says Marguerite Dahl, vice president of Rock Bottom in San Jose, Calif. President of the four-month-old corporation is the aforementioned adman, Marguerite's husband Gary. The Dahls are as amazed as anyone that Gary's efforts to ward off a drunk have erupted into a lucrative business, but they are delighted. "People enjoy fantasy, a lighthearted escape in a problem-ridden world," Gary says. "Besides, this is better than canned fog or chattering teeth." More fun, too, especially if the Pet Rock owner maintains the deadpan demeanor the training manual assumes.

Imported from Rosarita Beach, Mexico, Pet Rocks come in their own ventilated carrying cases. Directions sternly warn that Pet Rocks are sensitive and should be left in their boxes for three days until they "acclimate themselves to their new surroundings." Then the training program can begin. One trick to teach is Roll Over. "The best place to teach your Pet Rock to Roll Over is on the side of a hill. Place your rock on the ground at the top of a hill and give the command, Roll Over. Now, let go of your rock. It's that simple!" The manual explains that a Pet

AT THE END OF YOUR RIBBON SEARCHING FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS? HERE ARE GOOD WAYS TO SPEND FROM \$4 TO \$4,000

Rock will roll over until it trees of the game, which is usually when it reaches the bottom of the hill. Heel, Quartz!

—STEPHANIE SALTER

Very little is what it seems any more, and that is surely the case with these two gifts.

The wife says, "Close your eyes, dear," when handing over your Christmas present. You hear the solid thunk of an expensive car door closing. Ah, a new Bentley, you think. Your surprise will turn to ashes as you discover it's only a jackknife. But maybe the best jackknife in the world. Made in Whitefish, Mont. of high-carbon steel by the Track Knife Co., this folding hunter comes with a fine leather belt case. With brass and stainless-steel hardware and a resin-impregnated wood handle, the Track weighs in at \$69.95. The hinge pin and connection produce the Bentley-door sound, which is made much of in the advertisements. You can order by phone—and have delivered COD—from Ithaca Gun Company, Box ST, Terrace Hill, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, (607) 271-0200. If the price bothers you, consider the bargain that goes with the buy—once a year the Whitefish experts will be glad to recondition your knife for a mere \$1.

The second fooler is shotgun shells that melt in your hands. Packed in a typical ammunition box by the prestigious Godiva chocolate company, 25 rounds in the standard calzone-pattern cost a mere \$8.95. Each piece of chocolate is foil-wrapped to resemble a shell. If there's a mixup and you load your Purdey with the bonbons, the kids' Christmas hamster can clean the barrels, but your dentist won't like extracting shot from your fillings if you bite a real bullet. If you have a sweet tooth, write or call Peppercorn Farm Mail Order Co., Inc., P.O. Box 119, Clinton, Conn. 06413, (203) 669-4131. Credit cards welcome, no COD. Merry Christmas, and remember that new backpack may be a hoarse bicycle.

J. D. REED

The Secret Life of Animals (Dutton, \$24.95 until January, \$29.95 thereafter) is aimed at the enlightened amateur, and any family would be wise to give the book to itself for

Christmas. It is essentially an overview of many of the pioneering discoveries in animal behavior and has some of the obvious disadvantages of an overview—you end up knowing a little about a whole lot, for one. But sources are amply cited in the text, and the curious reader could spend years following the cues. Franklin Russell joined in the writing (the other authors are Lorus and Margery Milne), and many will remember his exquisite *Watchers at the Pond*.

The text, though, is overwhelmed by hundreds of fine color photos. A sequence showing mating lions taken by Fran Allan is stunning. And there are photos of wolves at play, an anaconda crushing a cayman, a dolphin being born, migrating reindeer, an aquagreen python protecting its eggs. They are accompanied by explanations so that the reader doesn't have to wander around looking for the scene behind the beauty of the photograph, the bane of most snazzy books of this sort.

There is a natural, though decidedly comic, tendency on the part of a reader of this book to make elaborate comparisons between his own behavior and that of the animals. Andrey's *The Terrestrial Imperative* is reason enough for having a closet full of guns. After all, it's natural. But so is the 60-foot tapeworm in the belly of a wild pig. The female mantis happily devours her husband while he mates with her. Within a few minutes he has vanished into her belly. We'll leave that one for Tennessee Williams. Wolves are monogamous, lions aren't. That's a draw. Hyenas turn out to be fabulous hunters, a fact that consoled me because I developed an affection for them when I was in Africa. Some animal mothers protect their children, others apparently couldn't care less. Elephants and wolves have developed a strategic sort of birth control, depending on available food supplies. Other animals propagate witlessly. No animals drink booze or smoke.

We are reminded again in a chapter on migration that scientists don't yet know everything, though they are hearing down hard on this subject. That monarch butterfly fluttering so gracefully in your yard is probably in transit from Canada to Mexico or back, depending on the season. The hummingbird only uses 1.3 grams of fat to fly across 500 miles of the Gulf of Mexico, surely a preposterously efficient use of energy.

What I like best about *The Secret Life of Animals* is the inclusive imagination of the

continued

"Don't go down dere, mon," our guide said, "in de Bermuda Triangle you never be seen again."

"In the eerie darkness of the old wreck, we felt it... some sinister force... unseen, unknown and we were in its grip."

4 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED BY BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY BAKER BROS. IMPORTERS INC., 1111 KENNEDY RD., WILLOW PARK, ONTARIO, CANADA. © 1978.



"The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?"

"We found one of the Triangle's victims. When we felt it, a powerful current made it nearly impossible to surface. Somehow we broke its grip and its seemingly evil spell."



"Later, we celebrated with Canadian Club at Waterloo House in Hamilton." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka... it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.




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Sometimes, it's the gift that counts.

approach. In my youth the teaching of life sciences was so segmented I remained largely ignorant of the particularities of the natural world until my late 20s. This is the kind of book that helps the wary starter.

—JIM HARRISON

Nothing delights a tennis player more than a new gadget. And the best one this Christmas comes from Howard Head, who popularized the metal ski a quarter of a century ago. Subsequently the company he headed was sold to AMF for more than \$16 million. Head's new racket appears under the Prince label, he is now chairman of the board of that firm. Soon there will be locker-room talk about an increase in the polar moment of inertia, and the center of percussion will mean something other than the position of Rango's pedal. Prepare yourself for other phrases like the high coefficient of restitution. Not since the yellow ball has anything so novel hit the tennis world.

If people played tennis with their eyes shut, everything about the Prince would seem normal. It feels the same as other rackets, but only the length and balance are standard. The Prince makes a conventional racket look like a runt. Its head is so much larger that a buyer might be tempted to invest in nylon stock. The string area dwarfs the handle and is two inches wider than the typical racket, the space between the strings becomes smaller or toward the center. These elements create an odd-looking but surprisingly effective racket that goes on sale for the first time this week at specialty stores—Court Set, New York City; Galt Brothers Sporting Goods, Denver, San Francisco Sporting House; Osborn and Ulland, Seattle. The price is \$65.

Until Head joined Prince in 1971, the firm's only interest in tennis was in manufacturing ball machines. Head brought the company the skills and designing curiosity that led him to make the first successful metal skin. "Why must metal be restricted by the limitations of wood?" he had asked.

Head could find no regulations determining a tennis racket's size, but he also sensed that the average player would never own something that did not feel like a racket. So he kept the balance the same. If the racket happened to look funny that would be to its advantage. It would begin life as a novelty.

No tennis racket has ever stretched so wide, but then again, none has ever been so stable (there is talk of reducing tennis elbow, but proof is still coming). The ball has more time to roll or be "wiped" across the strings, which increases that all-important "polar moment of inertia."

The string area of the Prince is as oddly elongated as it is wide. The reason for this is a surprising discovery made by Head's engineers during tests using the "coefficient of restitution" to plot the optimum places to hit the ball. They learned that the "sweet

spot" is two-thirds of the way down toward the handle, a place that is not even on the string area of the normal racket. To get the strings down there they do the most good Head simply lowered the racket throat.

In the course of plotting the test results, Head came upon what might be called the ultimate sweet spot, where the coefficient is 20', greater than on any traditionally shaped racket. Head had predicted that the Prince would return the ball with maximum power and minimum effort, but the new zone so surprised him, he has yet to name it.

Overall, the head is 60% larger. The effective hitting area, however, is twice as large. If the racket came with a contract attached, a clause would surely read that "twice as many balls will be hit cleanly without touching the frame." Tennis players have for generations learned to hit the ball in the center of the racket. The Prince rewards the best students by aligning the center of the racket with the "center of percussion" to assure consistent returns. But one thing will have to change. New canvas tote bags with larger racket pockets must be manufactured. When the Prince buyer visits his broker to invest in nylon, it wouldn't hurt to check on canvas stocks, too.

—MELISSA LUDWIG

There was a time when two bits bought a hot dog, and four bits bought a program, and six bits bought a pennant, and a dollar bought a seat in the end zone. But that was when the cliché of the year was "May the Best Team Win," and many seasons before college football became "Big Business," which is this year's cliché, spoken by everybody who did not win seven games. Football is big business in more ways than you can shake a life-size poster at.

Hardly anybody is shaking pennants. The pennant was fine in its day, that of conser-

vative formations and G-rated bumper stickers. The trend in merchandising college football has shifted from mums and even those during-in-their-time banocular-flasks to souvenirs that do not have to be stored in the offseason, such as the Wisconsin toilet seat (\$24.95) that says "Go Badgers" (when somebody raises the cover. Your alma mater's gift guide will show today's most popular items).

Many gifts are educational because of their expensiveness, such as the University of Southern California Tiffany lamp (\$165), USC's clock commemorating its 55-24 victory over Notre Dame in 1974 (battery-operated, it includes a photo of the scoreboard with 5:52 left in the game—large model \$44.95, small \$39.95), and the rocking chair being sold with Northwestern and Harvard seals (\$70-\$85). Nobody can afford to make toothpicks out of a rocker every time the home team is beaten, so these items are valuable aids in teaching fans to be nonviolent losers.

The best-selling souvenirs on campuses during bad years continue to be glasses capable of holding large amounts of spirit, such as the Auburn snifter (25 ounces, \$2.35). Wainers are easy to merchandise. After good years, stadiums are expanded, and football helmets are creatively converted into purses (genuine plastic Oklahoma helmet-purse, \$20) and radios (Tennessee radio-helmet, \$15.95).

Best-selling gifts are not always reflective of the teams they represent. You would imagine the big item in Columbus, Ohio would be a pound of chocolate yard markers, or an indestructible Buckeye doll that goes three yards without recharging. But the Lazarus Department Store in Columbus sells women's bikini ponies accented with an Ohio State helmet for \$1.19.

Supporters of Oklahoma, unable to see their team on live television for two years because of probation, have been pacified by such originals as the perfect gift for the fan who has everything, even children, the Sooners of Oklahoma souvenir coloring book, \$1.25.

Many suppliers of souvenirs insist they are providing a necessary service rather than contributing to college football's "Big Business" image. You can get a baby diaper with the Harvard crest (\$1.25), a picture of Bear Bryant (\$10), a felt football, a Go Somebody car tag and a UCLA Nuts (\$3.50) for approximately what you would pay for a couple of hours of group therapy.

JAY CROWLEY

You've read sports science fiction. Electronics has taken over. The stadiums are gone. The Louisiana Superdome is filled with water and used for porpoise housing. Shea, Three Rivers, lightless Wrigley Field, cozy Fenway are paved over and forgotten.

The notion is not so preposterous once

continued



One way to size up the Prince racket.

Cut me, baby, and I'll bend both your edges back.

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.

Anyone who has been using single injector blades isn't going to be easy to convince about Gillette Twinjector® blades. Until he tries them. Because Twinjector twin injector blades are as safe as single blades. Yet they shave smooth, close, and comfortably. One reason is their coating of Du Pont

Vydax®, the smoothest coating ever invented for blades. And, Twinjector blades fit your present injector razor. So put us to the test. Nobody's going to get hurt.

They fit your
injector razor.



Head fully adjustable on Multi-Blades.

Gillette
Twinjector
Blades



5 twin injector blades

The Gillette Twinjector Shave. Beautiful, baby.

you've seen VideoBeam, a device being manufactured by the Advent Corporation, a small firm in Cambridge, Mass. VideoBeam consists of a six-foot-by-four-foot screen coupled with a receiver-projector. The screen stands against a wall; the projector sits eight feet away. You plug an aural or cable-television connection into the receiver-projector, pick your channel and a huge, bright picture flashes on the screen. Televised sports are transformed. The action can be seen far more clearly than from the best stadium boxes. Players are large as life, action dramatically enhanced.

There are a few drawbacks to VideoBeam, and some competition, too. Earl (Madin) Munz of used-car fame and the Sony Corporation have also introduced big-screen TV. These models cost less (Munz' sells for \$1,595; Sony's for \$2,500) than VideoBeam's (\$4,000) but both have smaller screens. So VideoBeam is the big-ticket product in its field. Its developer, Henry Kloss, is the "K" in K.L.H., one of the best-known high-fidelity names. Kloss left K.L.H. to form Advent in 1967, and his new company soon established an excellent reputation for stereo gear.

VideoBeam has had its tryouts in Boston bars. "It's building business," says one area bartender. "When the Stanleys are on you won't be able to get into the place." Now the company is expanding its distribution and VideoBeam is available nationwide. You can buy one for your home, but first carefully measure the living room (the projector must be exactly eight feet from the screen). Advent says VideoBeam is as reliable and durable as any color TV, but admits that the screen is delicate. Kloss has visions of millions of renovated rec rooms with theatrical settings. "Teflon how many Ping-Pong tables there are in the country," he says. "We'll replace them all with VideoBeams."

If he does, spectator sports could be affected dramatically. There won't be much reason to go to a stadium, unless you are out of hot dogs. You simply cannot follow the action of most sports as well in person as you can on Advent's screen. To be sure, VideoBeam is big, bulky and expensive. But so were the early TV sets; and no science-fiction writer would have dared to predict in 1940 the role of television in sports today.

—JOHN SCHENCK

What can I say? For a short period in my life (1954-59), I dreamed that some day I would appear on a baseball card wearing a Yankee cap.

—JOE DEAL

So who is Joe Deal? He is a 5'11" right-hander from Topkapi who appears on a baseball card wearing a Yankees cap. But he is not a Yankee or any kind of a baseball player. He is one of 134 photographers who appear in the latest offering of American eiderica,



A bubble for a lady Topps in her track.

photographer baseball cards, bubble gum and all.

The brainchild of 29-year-old Mike Mandel of Santa Cruz, Calif., the cards are selling for \$1 per package of 10 in museums and galleries around the country and are being distributed by Light Impressions of Rochester, N.Y. (P.O. Box 3012, Zip 14614, Phone 716-271-8960) for the same price plus 85 cents shipping per order. Mandel began his collection two years ago and, with the help of a friend, Alison Woolpert, traveled to 36 states snapping the portraits of some of America's finest photographers.

He primed 402,000 cards (there are 3,000 complete sets), following the guidelines of *The Great American Baseball Card Flying, Trading and Bubblegum Book*. "I wanted them to be authentic so people could trade them just like when they were kids," he says. "I love baseball and I get really sad when I think I won't be around to see some of the great moments."

A Giant fan who grew up in L.A. ("I've always enjoyed being the odd man"), Mandel wrote to Topps Chewing Gum Inc. in Brooklyn, and that traditional supplier of baseball bubble gum responded with 450 pounds of the real thing, charging little more than the cost of shipping. "I guess they enjoyed the spirit of my letter," Mandel says. A good thing, too, because his project has been sponsored by no one but Mandel and he has accumulated sizable debts while compiling the collection. "I don't mind, though," he says. "I think sports are like art; they are in their highest form when they aren't being commercialized."

Best known among the photographers in Mandel's gallery is No. 21, Ansel Adams, whose years of work with the Sierra Club have earned him international fame. Finding the time to pose was the only problem

Adams gave Mandel, and after two months of waiting, Mandel got 10 minutes with Adams in Carmel, Calif.

"All my pictures of him were totally underexposed," Mandel says. "I'd fouled up Ansel Adams and I couldn't believe it! I had to tell him. He just said, 'We all make mistakes,' and two months later I got another 10 minutes." Adams now smiles from behind a catcher's mask, a chest protector over his paisley shirt, mitt in left hand, ball in right.

Adams might be the most famous of the collection, but No. 88 will no doubt become the most sought-after. She is photo matriarch Imogen Cunningham, who at age 92 not only takes pictures but bats and throws right. Ms. Cunningham made it clear from the beginning that she did not want to wear an ordinary baseball costume. "I want to be a Communist, I want to wear a Mao cap," she insisted, and turned down Mandel's suggestion that she wear a Cincinnati Reds cap, instead. "I taught her to throw like a bugle-gunner," Mandel says, "and she picked it up quickly." Cunningham's own comment on the back of her card reads, "Apparently do not know enough to quit. 1901—."

Some of Mandel's cards are more interesting on their reverse sides. Besides asking for height, weight, hometown and residences, Mandel instructed his subjects to list their favorite camera, developer, paper, film and photographer. Nearly all took him literally and wrote Rollei SL or Argoflex, Tri-X, Polysynth and the usual array of letters and numbers only a photographer can decode. But some responded like Bart Parker of Pascagoula, Miss., who listed his favorite paper as the Sunday Chicago Tribune, his favorite film as *Young Frankenstein* and his favorite photographer as Ginn Lollobrigida.

Self-analyses range from Adams' discussion of natural and artificial light to Elliott Erwitt's complete recipe for salsa Bolognese. In between are such comments as Larry Sultan's: "Fear of bat, fear of getting spiked, fear of the crowd. I don't care who they are, all ballplayers are afraid," a quote he attributes to former big-league player and manager Birdie Tebbens. Since Sultan has misspelled the name ("Birdy Tebbitts") the attribution might be erroneous, too. But who cares? Sultan is a picture-taker, not a baseball librarian.

And finally there is No. 77, "Al" Woolpert, her face nearly obscured by a massive bubble of gum, who writes, "When coming to bat I could always hear my father yelling to me from the bleachers, 'Ducks on the pond, shoot 'em.' I have yet to fully understand the significance of that slogan to my life."

STEPHANIE SALTER



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WOMEN: ONE

It is possible that you have not been aware that 1975 was International Women's Year, so designated by the United Nations. We serve this ambitious description did not hold true in other fields of endeavor, but there is no doubt that in sports women made it in a big way in 1975. Most significantly, Title IX, that ban of male chauvinists, became law on July 21 (Independence Day, some female chauvinists call it), which meant that for women in most schools the need to hold cake sales to raise money to support second-rate athletic programs in third-rate facilities is finally a thing of the past.

For example, the budget for women's sports at the University of Texas has jumped during the past three years from \$27,000 to \$58,000 to \$128,000. UCLA's women's budget, largest in the country, has risen to \$180,000. Fifteen national championships are sponsored by the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, and 750 colleges are now members of the AIAW. In high schools more than 1.3 million girls have been active in sports in 1975, an increase of 342% in four years.

Women have won the right—often going to court to secure that right—to participate in sporting activities hitherto considered man's domain, including such "hard" sports as football, baseball and soccer. Even the Justice Department's gymnasium in Washington, once an all-male sanctuary, is now open to women.

A basketball game between women's teams from Queens College of New York and Immaculata College of Pennsylvania, two of the best in the country, was watched by 12,000 spectators in Madison Square Garden in February, and an all-woman track meet in the same arena a week or so later drew 13,000. Chris Evert became the first tennis player, male or female, to win more than \$300,000 in tournament earnings in one year. Women golfers played for purses totaling \$1.74 million. Women bowlers competed for \$50,000 in one tournament, the largest

single prize—for men or women—in bowling history. Women skiers vied for \$90,000 last winter, and Colgate-Palmolive is raising that to \$255,000 this coming season. Plans are under way for professional leagues in women's basketball and women's softball.

Despite all these specifics, perhaps the most significant advance in 1975 was a widespread public awareness that women were increasingly active in sports and an acceptance, even approval, of that fact. With such acceptance came warnings. Last week a conference on women's sports in Washington discussed legal issues, publicity, media relations, student involvement, parent-community participation, financial support. At another women-in-sports conference last week, this one at Immaculata College, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno, while encouraging women's athletics, pointedly mentioned difficulties that could arise if women follow too closely in the path of men's programs. Paterno warned specifically about recruiting, grants-in-aid, overemphasis on winning, differentiating between revenue-producing and non-

revenue-producing sports, scheduling of events years in advance, creating a top-heavy system of rules impossible to enforce, and the like.

In sum, women's sports are going big-time—and that can be both good and bad.

WOMEN: TWO

Filbert Bayi, the Tanzanian runner who broke Jim Ryun's world records at 1,500 meters and a mile (John Walker of New Zealand later surpassed Bayi's new mile mark), recently won a routine 1,500-meter race at a university meet in Tanzania. His time of 3:42.6 was respectable but far from spectacular. What was noteworthy about the race was the fact that one of Bayi's 11 rivals was Mwinga Mwangala, who finished fifth. Mwinga Mwangala is a woman.

WOMEN: THREE

The best women's college basketball team last year was AIAW champion Delta State, which seems even better this season. Delta's star is Lucy Harris (SI, Dec. 13), who is so good that when Delta played Stephen F. Austin the other day, Austin adopted the radical strategy of leaving Harris alone and superdefending everybody else. It didn't quite work. Harris scored 54 points, which was one more than the entire Austin team as Delta won 81-53.

WOMEN: QUATRE

France is the home of the tierce (an exotic bet in horse racing in which the wagerer tries to pick the first three finishers in order) and of women who take their femininity seriously. No wonder then that the French felt history was made this autumn when the attractive Baroness Edith de Breizel, mother of a 17-month-old son, became the first Frenchwoman ever to ride a horse in a tierce race. She finished 12th in a field of 19, but that did not really matter. *Vive Madame la Baronne!*

WOMEN: FIVE

And yet, Madame la Baronne was a well-beaten 12th, Mwinga Mwangala did finish a distant fifth, and Lucy Harris would probably have trouble making a "good boys" high school team. In other words, there is a difference, and the difference should not be ignored. Two women scientists who have done research in women's sports say that most sports are de-



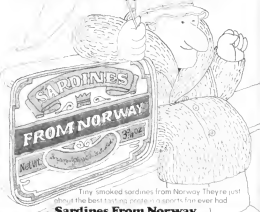
...We get people talking (To 23,000,000 people we're the telephone company) **...We brighten their lives** (Sylvania lighting for home, industry and photography) **...We entertain them** (Sylvania color TV and stereo) **...and we serve their needs in a lot of other ways:** street lighting, microwave systems, earth stations for Comsat, electronic telephone equipment, powder metallurgy, specialty inorganic chemicals, television picture tubes, data transmission, quadraphonic receivers, circuit breakers, telephone directories, mine-drilling bits, printed circuit boards, alumina ceramics, motor control centers, electrical metering equipment, electronic security systems, tungsten wire, video terminals, projector lamps, welding electrodes, Sun Gun movie lights, airport electronics, automotive electronics, electro-optic systems, digital communications transceivers.

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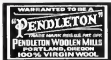
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Go to the game with our fish.



Tiny smoked sardines from Norway. They're just about the best tasting protein sports fan ever had.

Sardines From Norway



It's working

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to you**



The United Way



SCORECARD *continued*

signed by men for men—and that can be bad for women. In high jumping, for example, a favorite style among males is the Fosbury Flop, in which the jumper twists his body and sails over the bar backward, head and shoulders leading the way. Dr. Dorothy V. Harris of Penn State and Barbara Drinkwater of the University of California say this style is no good for women. They say that women have more estrogen, which produces a greater concentration of fat in the thighs and hips. Men have more androgen, which affects bone development and is responsible for the proportionately wider shoulders in men. Because women generally are wider in the pelvic area and men in the shoulder area, their centers of gravity are different. A man executing the Fosbury Flop gets the area of his body with the most weight over the bar first. A woman trying the same technique is handicapped. The low-center-of-gravity theory also affects women basketball players, according to Gloria Soluk, basketball coach at Wayne State in Detroit. "Men can hang in the air, women can't," declares Mrs. Soluk.

Well, it's a theory, anyway.

AIS OKKI NOOKE

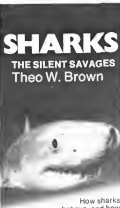
In his best-selling book, *The Great Railway Bazaar*, a description of his travels through Asia, Paul Theroux describes a conversation with a Russian dining-car waiter named Viktor. Viktor, a hockey fan, kept pressing Theroux for information about Canadian and U.S. hockey teams, among them (according to Therouxian orthography) the Bostiahroons, Doront Mupplekhlief, Mendrookkammens and Cheegago Blekaks.

STRINGING THEM ALONG

At the conclusion of basketball practice one night last week, Canton (N.Y.) High School Coach Jerry Hourihan told his players to shoot their customary 25 free throws and then left the gym. When he returned 30 minutes later, Hourihan found his star guard, 6'1" senior Hal Cohen, a 35-point scorer who makes 83% of his foul tries in games, still at the line. "He's got a string going, Coach," said one of Cohen's teammates.

Indeed he did. Cohen had made 167 shots in a row, and the gym was beginning to fill with spectators, most of them athletes coming from other practices. While the onlookers oohed, aahed and cheered, Cohen kept shooting past

continued



How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*. Illustrated. \$7.95.

A Sports Illustrated Book.



LITTLE, BROWN Publishers

Which one of these 171 places is the best place for you to buy auto insurance?

ALABAMA

Birmingham
Montgomery

ARIZONA

Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Little Rock

CALIFORNIA

Fresno

Long Beach

Los Angeles

Oakland

Pasadena

Sacramento

San Diego

San Francisco

San Jose

Santa Ana

Woodland Hills

COLORADO

Denver

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport

East Hartford

Hartford

Meriden

Newtown

Stamford

Waterbury

DELAWARE

Wilmington

FLORIDA

Fort Lauderdale

Jacksonville

Miami

Orlando

St. Petersburg

Sarasota

Tampa

W. Palm Beach

GEORGIA

Atlanta

Columbus

Savannah

HAWAII

Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Chicago

Des Moines

Oak Brook

Olympia Fields

Peoria

Rockford

INDIANA

Evansville

Fort Wayne

Indianapolis

South Bend

IOWA

Des Moines

KANSAS

Wichita

KENTUCKY

Lexington

Louisville

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge

McNair

Shreveport

MAINE

Bangor

South Portland

MARYLAND

Baltimore

Hunt Valley

Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS

Andover

Boston

Scarsdale

Brookline

Centerville

Chelmsford

Fitchburg

Lexington

Lynn

Natick

New Bedford

Prosbury

Pittsfield

West Springfield

MICHIGAN

Detroit

Flint

Grand Rapids

Kalamazoo

MINNESOTA

Duluth

Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson

MISSOURI

Kansas City

St. Ann

St. Louis

Springfield

NEBRASKA

Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester

Portsmouth

NEW JERSEY

East Orange

Haddonfield

Morrisstown

New Shorebury

Saddle Brook

South Plainfield

Trenton

NEW YORK

Albany

Babylon

Benhamton

Brooklyn

Burlingame

Carle Place

Forest Hills

Jamestown

Lynbrook

New York City

30 Rockefeller

Plaza

19 Rector St.

Nassau Falls

Poughkeepsie

Rochester

Scarsdale

Smithtown

Spring Valley

Syracuse

Utica

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte

Greensboro

Raleigh

OHIO

Akron

Cincinnati

Cleveland

Dayton

Reynoldsburg

South Euclid

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City

Tulsa

OREGON

Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown

Bala Cynwyd

Camp Hill

Erie

Lancaster

Mt. Lebanon

New Castle

Pittsburgh

Physshelm Meeting

RHODE ISLAND

Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia

Spartanburg

TEXAS

Austin

Dallas

El Paso

Fort Worth

Houston

Midland

San Antonio

Tyler

UTAH

Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Burlington

VIRGINIA

Lynchburg

Norfolk

Richmond

Roanoke

Springfield

WASHINGTON

Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston

WISCONSIN

Green Bay

Milwaukee

CANADA

Burlington,

Ontario

Calgary, Alberta

Don Mills, Ontario

Edmonton,

Alberta

Louis, Quebec

Montreal, Quebec

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The style of Johnny Miller Menswear suits America's style perfectly. That's why men everywhere are making it a fashion success.

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perfectly matched patterns to the careful top-stitching. From the striking details to the luxurious linings. The fabrics are rich, the styling is unique, and the fit is as elegant as it is comfortable.

To make it all work together, effortlessly, Johnny Miller Menswear is all color-related. Your shirts, slacks, sport coats and leisure suits will coordinate handsomely. And, because America is very smart about value, this fine menswear comes with very sensible prices.

Johnny Miller Menswear is available in just one place—selected larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores.

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Golf shirts — \$16

Sport Coats — \$75

Slacks — \$25

Print shirts — \$20

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"If you want to give an original gift give Irish, the original whiskey."

Says John Jameson

"You always give shirts and ties and bottles of Scotch for Christmas. Why not give something different—like my Jameson's Irish whiskey?"

Irish, you know, is the oldest whiskey in the world.

And Jameson's has such a gentle, beguiling taste. (If you've made up your mind about Irish whiskey without ever tasting it, you'll be amazed at how light and mellow it is.)

This year, surprise someone with a bottle of Irish.

For the same money you'd spend on an ordinary gift, you can give an original."



200, past 250. When he reached 300, a girl swimmer who was acting as his retriever had to leave to catch her bus. Her place was taken by a player who had been 0 for 9 in Canton's previous game. "I don't want him," kidded Cohen, but kept on shooting.

When he reached 400, Hourihan began to fear that all the free throwing might affect Cohen's performance in Canton's next game, two nights later. He wondered if blisters were beginning to develop. "No," said Cohen, and kept on shooting. When he reached 500, Hourihan asked if he was getting tired. "No," said Cohen, and made his next 75 shots without hitting the rim.

Finally, an hour and a half after he had begun, Cohen put up a shot that glanced off the front of the rim, hopped past the hoop and dropped off. According to the *Guinness Book of Records*, the largest number of consecutive successful free throws by a professional is 499, by Bunty Levitt. The highest total by an amateur was 200, Cohen finished with 598.

REINING YOU ALL THE WAY, JOHN

Football coaches try not to have rabbit ears, but all coaches hear the crowd when, in a fourth and short-yardage situation, it hollers, "Go for it! Go for it!" Johnny Majors, University of Pittsburgh head coach, claims that during one game he heard a fan shout, "Go for it! Go for it!" and then add, "But you better make it, you S.O.B."

NEW LOOK

The National Football League has a weird plan for assigning its new expansion franchises. Seattle will be in the NFC West in 1976, which makes sense, but in 1977 it will be switched to the AFC Central. Tampa Bay will play in the AFC West in 1976, probably because it is on the west coast of Florida, and in 1977 will jump to the NFC Central. This is almost as dumb as the present NFL setup, in which Atlanta and New Orleans are in the NFC West with Los Angeles and San Francisco, and Houston is in the AFC Central with closely clustered Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Play close attention now, NFL. Here's what you should do. In the American Conference, shift Houston from the Central to a new five-club West, with Denver, Kansas City, San Diego and Oakland. Switch Buffalo from the AFC East

to Houston's vacated spot in the Central. The Bills will then be with their geographical neighbors. Assign the new Tampa club to Buffalo's old place in the AFC East, in which it will have a cross-state rivalry with Miami.

In the NFC, bring order out of chaos by moving Dallas and St. Louis from East to West and Atlanta and New Orleans from West to East. Add Seattle to the West to make it a five-club circuit.

About the only valid criticism of this proposed alignment is that it gives Washington a pretty good hold on the NFC East, while concentrating three top teams in the NFC West. But as it now stands, Los Angeles has a lock on the West, while three top teams butt heads in the East.

Here's the way it should look:

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Baltimore	Buffalo	Denver
Miami	Cincinnati	Houston
New England	Cleveland	Kansas City
N.Y. Jets	Pittsburgh	Oakland
Tampa Bay		San Diego

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Atlanta	Chicago	Dallas
New Orleans	Detroit	Los Angeles
N.Y. Giants	Green Bay	San Francisco
Philadelphia	Minnesota	St. Louis
Washington		Seattle

THE LONG ARM

Victoria Station, the restaurant chain headquartered in San Francisco, presents a "Wiseman Trophy" each year as a counterpoint to the Heisman, a practice that began in 1971 when the Heisman people picked Auburn Quarterback Pat Sullivan instead of Ed Marinaro of Cornell. Although Cornell happens to be the alma mater of one of Victoria Station's proprietors, it was sheer coincidence, everyone said, that Marinaro was given the first Wiseman. When Brad Van Pelt of Michigan State won the 1972 Wiseman, the fact that Victoria Station's publicity man was a Michigan State alumnus was deemed an even sheerer coincidence.

The Wiseman has since become somewhat more serious. This year it was given to California's 6'3", 220-pound Chuck Muncie as "the man with the best potential to play pro football." Standard trappings—a plaque, a scholarship fund, a generous charitable contribution—accompanied the award.

Those who miss the cheerful pragmatism of the Marinaro-Van Pelt years and who feel depressed by the Wiseman's new dignity will be pleased to learn that Muncie is almost certain to be drafted No. 1 by either Tampa Bay or Seattle, the NFL's new expansion teams, and that Victoria Station just happens to have one restaurant half a mile from Tampa Stadium and another only a mile away from Seattle's new Kingdome.

CAKE AND EAT IT

Houston McTear, the high school kid from Florida who has run 100 yards in nine seconds flat, has finally settled the great debate over whether he will play football or stick with track (SI, Oct. 20). He's decided to do both. Last week he accepted a football scholarship from the University of Florida—with certain provisos. The most important of these is an agreement that he will not have to take part in spring practice but can concentrate then on track. Nor will he be a running back, his position in high school. Instead, he will be a wide receiver, thereby lessening the risk of injury. And his path to next summer's Olympics is open, since he will not be entering Florida (assuming his grades are O.K.) until the fall.

Although McTear seems small (5'8", 160 pounds) for bigtime football, Florida Coach Doug Dickey says, "He's plenty big enough. And he'll get thicker. After all, he's only 18."

THEY SAID IT

- Cliff Hagan, University of Kentucky athletic director, on his apparent reluctance to discuss charges of misbehavior by Kentucky athletes: "I resent it when I read in the newspaper, 'Cliff Hagan was unavailable for comment.' I'm always available for comment, even if the comment is 'No comment.'"
- Ron Hill, British distance runner, on why he likes the Maryland Marathon: "I've never run in a race where everybody gets a free meal, a free T shirt and a hot shower. What more can you ask for?"
- Don Stock, Miami Dolphin third-string quarterback, besieged by reporters after winning his first starting game: "I don't think I've been asked this many questions since my mother caught me drinking in high school."
- Dave Cowens, Boston Celtic center, after signing an autograph for an insistent fan: "Now, may I have yours?" **END**

THE COLTS DON'T HORSE AROUND

When they got their chance to beat

the Dolphins in overtime, Bert Jones took them 82 yards on a relentless drive that led to the winning field goal

by MARK MULVOY

They all may sniff snuff, pick guitars, own ranches, wear pointed boots and forget to shave, but there is one thing you must like about these boy quarterbacks from Louisiana—they do know how to win football games. There was scraggly bearded Bert Jones, a neighbor of Terry Bradshaw, looking absolutely lost for one moment in the pea-soup fog enshrouding his own end zone at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. And, well, there was Bert Jones, riverboat gambler, brilliantly piloting the Baltimore Colts 82 yards through the murk and setting up Tom Linhart for the 31-yard chip-shot field goal that beat the Miami Dolphins 10-7 after 12 minutes and 44 seconds of sudden-victory overtime late last Sunday afternoon.

Barring an upset loss to the bedraggled New England Patriots this week, Jones and the unbridled young Colts now will charge into the AFC playoffs against Bradshaw and the Pittsburgh Steelers on the Saturday after Christmas. "If we beat Denver next week and either Baltimore loses to New England or Cincinnati loses to San Diego, we get into the playoffs," Miami Coach Don Shula said, trying to sound hopeful. Then he admitted, "I've never been much of a back-door guy, though. I like to do things myself. We had the chance to control our own destiny. All we had to do was beat the Colts. We didn't. And now I don't see Baltimore or Cincinnati losing next week."

Before Linhart, a former Austrian soccer player with a history of the shanks, could deliver the ultimate kick for the Colts, Jones, playing with a plastic shield over his bruised ribs, had to scramble them into the overtime period with an excruciating 86-yard march for the tying touchdown, which they scored with 5:30 to play in the fourth quarter. Until then, the Colts and the Dolphins, as predicted, had spent most of the afternoon slugging it out in the trenches, with Miami's veteran offensive line befuddling Baltimore's young "Looney Tunes" front four that had entered the game with 55 quarterback sacks, an NFL high.

"The Baltimore kids are really enthusiastic," said Miami Center Jim Langer on Saturday. "They remind me of our guys when we were becoming a good team several years ago. These kids play games like crazy, crisscrossing all over the place and trying to confuse the offensive linemen. They like to work basketball picks, too, where one guy picks two of us and opens a hole for another guy to stunt through. It's no accident that they've sacked quarterbacks so many times. Hell, they got our guys four times a couple of weeks ago."

Langer was angry, though, about all the verbiage that some of the Tunes had been spouting, particularly Defensive End Freddy Cook's boast that "there's no one in football who can handle me one-on-one."

"The way the Baltimore line is playing," Langer said, "the guys don't have to tell people they're the greatest. In this game when you start shooting your mouth off people make a special effort to close it for you." He laughed. "We can handle them," he concluded.

Sure enough, on Sunday the Tunes did not sack Don Strock, Miami's substitute substitute quarterback, until the last minute of regulation time. "The Miami line conducted a clinic out there," said Baltimore Defensive End John Dutton, who played as if he had been caught in a revolving door. "I never knew where their blockers were coming from next—or how many of them there would be. It was a learning experience." While agreeing with Dutton, Tackle Joe Ehrmann also insisted that the Looney Tunes had forced Shula to alter Miami's attack plan by eliminating the drop-back pass from Strock's ready list.

"We screwed up their game plan because we limited what they could do," Ehrmann said. "They didn't drop back at all. In fact, Strock usually got his passes off in less than two seconds. We're not going to hit any quarterback who gets rid of the ball that fast but, then again, when you do throw that quickly, you throw short things, like screens and

continued

Exhaust after scoring, Lydell Mitchell brought on sudden death with his jarring six-yard run.



flares, and you're not going to beat us like that. Put it this way—we had too much going for us. When we saw that Strock wasn't dropping back, we were able to jam up the middle more than we had expected and they had to run a lot of wiggles and waggles. The fear of the sack did it for us."

Strock did not agree with one word of Ehrmann's analysis. "We take what the other club gives us," he said. "If you can't stand back against a team, you don't. The best way to attack the Baltimore front is to tease them with short stuff and try to get them mad." But Strock completed only seven of his 18 passes against the Colts for a mere 90 yards. The only time he dropped back, Dutton hit him as he released the ball, and Lloyd Mumford intercepted it in the end zone.

The first half was scoreless. Then late in the third quarter Nat Moore gave Strock solid field position at the Baltimore 27 with a sinuous return of one of David Lee's low, wobbling punts. On third-and-seven Strock hit Larry Seiple for a first down at the 17, and alternated Norm Bulaich and Mercury Morris

through the middle on four plays before finally sending Morris wide around the left side on a three-yard scoring run.

All season long, when Jones needed yardage for the Colts, he generally directed Lydell Mitchell to the right side of the Baltimore line, particularly behind All-Pro Tackle George Kunz—and now, trailing 7-0, it was time to go that way again. "We had to run straight at the Dolphins," Kunz said, "because they have too much speed on the outside." All-Pro or not, Kunz is as unpublishable as the rest of the offensive-line breed. "We're the last ones to get recognition," he said. "They mention us only when we're caught for holding or go offsides. When I walk into a restaurant in town, people just say, 'Geez, that guy's big, and he sure must eat a lot.' Bert Jones spends all his time signing autographs. Me? I go home and talk with my wife."

Talk aside, Jones and the Colts were 86 yards from the tying touchdown when they got the ball with 12:11 to play. Jones had moved them within scoring range in the second quarter, but Linhart had missed a field goal of 29 yards. (Miami's Garo Yepremian missed 45- and 35-yard-

ers.) This time Jones manipulated his offense perfectly, hitting Raymond Chester and Glenn Doughty with passes and sending Mitchell, who gained 87 tough yards on 30 carries all told, through the line. Faced with third-and-10 at his own 49, he connected with Mitchell for 13 yards. Slowly but confidently, Jones worked the Colts to the Miami six, then Mitchell swept around the right side and crashed into the end zone as Kunz eliminated two Dolphin defenders.

Linhart kicked the game-tying extra point through the fog, and suddenly 59,398 Baltimore fanatics were blowing their kazooes and chanting "dee-fense, dee-fense." Both defenses responded, as time ran out.

Miami won the toss before the overtime and naturally chose to receive. But Strock missed with a third-down pass at the Baltimore 47, and the Dolphins had to punt. Seiple angled his kick out of bounds at the Baltimore four—and Jones began the long last march.

"What I was thinking about down there," Jones said later, "was my best game, which is to throw the ball when I have to. We had to get the ball upfield.

Colt hero was Bert Jones, who ran Mitchell through the line, hit Chester and Carr with his passes and did a bit of running of his own.



If they held us and we had to kick, we would have lost the game somehow." Jones sent Mitchell and Don McCauley for short yardage through the middle—"breathing room," he called it—then on third-and-one Bill Olds burst over left tackle for 11. Dropping back to pass on first down at his 24, Jones was sacked for a loss of 10 yards, but on third and 15 he threw a deep sideline pass that Chester caught as he stepped out of bounds at the 36. First down.

"Two years ago I wouldn't have completed that pass because I wouldn't have thrown it," said Jones, who completed 23 of 39 for 232 yards. "The coverage dictated the pass. Lydell was covered over the middle, so I went wide and Raymond was there."

Two more passes, both to Roger Carr, who may have better hands than Brooks Robinson, brought the Colts into Miami territory, and then Jones returned to his ground attack, Mitchell carrying on five of six plays as the Colts moved to the Miami 16. Jones protected the ball on a busted play at the Miami 14, and then Linhart came in.

No shame. The day of the Dolphins was over.

"Miami was on top for a long time," Mitchell said in the Baltimore dressing room. "Really, there's no love lost between these teams. Don't get me wrong. We're not a great team yet. We're not there. We've got to keep our heads screwed on and keep together."

Nevertheless, the Colts now have won eight straight games to tie the Dolphins for the division lead and, if they beat New England on Sunday, they go to the playoffs because they defeated the Dolphins in both their meetings. "If we beat New England," Mitchell said and laughed. "No ifs about it. They beat us earlier this year at their place. What they really did was taunt us. We were down, and they kept yelling things like, 'C'mon, you donkeys, get out here so we can whip up on you again.' There's going to be some whippin' done here next week. By us."

There were no alibis from the Dolphins, who have struggled through a season during which key players such as Bob Griese, Nick Buoniconti, Manny Fernandez and Dick Anderson lived on the injured list. "They beat us," said Langer. "The Colts right now are like the young Dolphins of about 1970. They're nothing to laugh at."



As Tom Linhart's kick sailed high above the crossbar, Baltimore's playoff hopes soared.

THE COWBOYS HAD THE HORSES

by DAN JENKINS

The best continuing story of the pro football season had been the creaky, guileful Washington Redskins and all of those *Gone With the Winds* and *Carabancas* they seemed to get involved in every week, produced and directed, usually, by a patched-up old marvel named Bill Kilmer. They had played about six instant classics, losing some but winning most, and always against the clock and a mountain of bandages. Last week they needed to do it one more time to make the playoffs, and they were apparently in the proper place for it—Dallas, the city that has contributed such cultural advances to the world as the singles grocery store, executive-suite football viewing and his and hers Chinese junks for Christmas. Unfortunately for the Red-

skins, Dallas is also the place that has produced a team called the Cowboys, and the Cowboys go to the NFL playoffs like that *Cosmo* girl goes to the market to pick up a quiche, some chablis and another guy in a leisure suit.

Dallas means well, of course. In fact, the Cowboys' owner, Clint Murchison, even went so far on the night before the game as to wear a big button that said, "I like Billy." Meaning Kilmer. Murchison probably liked him even better early in the fourth quarter when Cowboy Linebacker D. D. Lewis put Kilmer out of the game and ensured that he would perform no miracles this time. The Redskins were done, finally, after being shredded by so much emotion for so many weeks. They had run smack into a Cowboy team

continued

that was playing with far more inspiration than normalcy.

This was the final chapter in the unreal saga of the NFC East; either Dallas or Washington was going to join St. Louis in postseason play, most likely as the wild-card team, which includes an all-expenses-paid trip to enchanting Minnesota. Now that privilege belongs to Dallas, which enters the playoffs for the ninth time in the past 10 years.

In what had been a tense game filled with hard hitting and mistakes for three quarters—which was to be expected, according to Dallas Coach Tom Landry—the Cowboys suddenly pounced on the Kilmer-less Redskins in the fourth quarter and demolished them 31-10. The Cowboys had slowly overcome a 10-0 Washington lead by halftime with a couple of touchdowns that came on breaks. Not that Washington's touchdown hadn't—the first pass Staubach threw anywhere near a human being went to Cornerback Mike Bass of Washington, and this was the play that set up the Red-

skins for the touchdown that gave them a 10-point lead.

The breaks that went the right way for Dallas were these: a 16-yard pass from Staubach to Golden Richards became a 57-yard touchdown when the same Mike Bass bounced off Richards and left him free to sail all the way to the end zone; then a fumbled punt gave Dallas the ball at the Washington 16, allowing Staubach to scoot in for the score four plays later on one of those runs of his that is planned. It is a sort of variation of the quarterback draw, and it brought to mind what Washington Coach George Allen had said before the game: "We don't care how much Staubach runs around out there, except when he's inside the 10."

Dallas' offense largely consists of Staubach running, planned or otherwise, and throwing passes to Richards, Drew Pearson and Jean Fupett. But it was Dallas' defense that won the game. Perhaps one reason why the defense was particularly vicious was because Landry had deliv-

ered a lecture after it was so lusterless against St. Louis the week before.

"He really chewed us out," said D. D. Lewis. Over the years the Cowboys have somehow earned a reputation for being a team that never bruises the opposition. Win yes, punish no. The Dallas defense was punishing last Saturday. All it did at various stages was pun Redskins Harold McLinton, Mike Thomas, Jerry Smith and Kilmer out of the game.

The fact that Washington was behind 17-10 at the start of the last quarter was nothing new. The Redskins had trailed in eight of their previous 12 games, but they had won five of the eight. Surely Kilmer would do something wonderful again, and at least get a tie, and then the only problem, as someone said to Clint Murchison, would be whether Texas Stadium had enough barbecue sauce to last through the overtime. But this was just when Kilmer went out.

He was back to pass and here came Lewis from the blind side. Wham! It was the same shoulder that had been separated earlier in the season. "I don't think I did it," Lewis said later. "I hit him, but after we hit the ground somebody else fell on top of us and I think I heard Billy's shoulder crack."

It could have been almost any of the Cowboys, who were hitting with all the passion of their youth. Cliff Harris, the manic safety, is probably hitting someone this moment. When those young "rush ins," as Dallas people call Too Tall Jones and Harvey Martin, weren't slamming Redskins around, they were hopping up and down and punching each other, looking very unlike the stoic Cowboys of other days.

Staubach settled down in the second half and led the Cowboys on a 75-yard scoring drive that was a thing of considerable beauty. He scrambled twice for nice yardage and connected on the only three passes he tried, the last one to Preston Pearson from the five-yard line for the touchdown. This made it 24-10, and with Kilmer out and only 5:09 remaining, all the parties in those \$50,000 private suites in the stadium began to liven up. Dallas scored again when Kilmer's substitute, Randy Johnson, threw a ball hopelessly up in the air and Charlie Waters ran under it and danced his way into the end zone, holding the ball aloft as if it were George Allen's head.

The simple fact was Dallas outthit the Redskins all day long. As Landry said,

With Billy Kilmer out of action, Washington's hopes for another of his miracles evaporated.



"Even when the score stands in my points, I saw that one more again and I felt I had to go off. This is an amazing team. I can't imagine we would do what we're doing."

Nor did anyone feel the beginning of the season. The Cowboys were with out some rather famous people. Bob Lilly, Walt Garrison, Lynn Hill, Cornell Green, John Nantz. Landis had 12 rookies on the roster, and he still does not have a high-quality running back, although there is something to be said for the way Robert Seymour runs underneath everybody at times. A couple of the linebackers are somewhat aged, but Lee Roy Jordan recovered a fumble and intercepted a pass, and Dave Edwards was his customary dependable self.

It is a strange team. It has to put its trust in the shotgun formations much of the time, the shotgun being that thing they used to call the spread in which Staubach takes an actual snapback from the center and begins looking around for his receivers or a place to run. And the Cow-

boys still lose at times. They lost to the likes of Green Bay and Kansas City, and the Cardinals humiliated them. On the other hand, Dallas has plenty of class in some key positions, like Staubach and three, Pearson and Cliff Harris.

And as Tex Schramm, the general manager, was telling himself and anyone who cared to listen after the Cowboys had won another of those big ones they aren't supposed to win, "In the playoffs it doesn't matter who you are. Anybody can win three games."

A great deal of the action in these Dallas-Washington games happens off the field. It has become one of the better rivalries in the NFL, a natural matchup of cities, Dallas with its money and Washington with its power, and the owners and in-group fans have come to enjoy it immensely. Last Friday night's goings-on were rather typical of the attitudes brought to the game. Kalmer had dinner with some close Dallas friends in one of those restaurants where Murchison and gang loiter. And outside in the

parking lot Darrell Royal, the University of Texas coach and good pal of the Cowboys, sat in a bar-equipped bus listening to a country-music guitar picker. Down the street the guys in leisure suits were milling through a Tom Thumb grocery store hoping to meet some ladies in denim and feathers.

Came Saturday in Texas Stadium and the place was a party two hours before the kickoff. In one of those private suites the Christmas decorations were up and the host, dressed like Santa Claus, was passing out Bloody Marys. In the Cowboy Club, which spans one entire end zone, a country band was playing. Up and down the carpeted halls of the complex, people milled about with their cocktails, as if they were at a convention in a hotel. Except when they looked out the windows later they were going to see a football game instead of a freeway. And what they wound up seeing, most of all, was a team, their Cowboys, who in 1975 were far better than anybody had ever imagined they would be. **END**

On a pitch that was planned, Roger Staubach went down from the four.



A triumphant Charley Waters put the game out of reach for Dallas.



BIRDS OF AN ODD FEATHER

Cotton Fitzsimmons' amalgam of Hawks includes young oldsters, old youngsters and a tattooed sixth man

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



Showing all-star class in his second year, Henderson drives against Buffalo's Bob Wales.

Anyone out there who has ever been traded for Pete Maravich knows, there are two species of Atlanta Hawks. One is the old craggy type—not really a hawk at all, but more like a bozzard—who comes with patched-together elbows, a blond twin brother and food remembrances of playing days with the Pittsburgh Rens. Now that's *old*. The other type is the Youngblood Hawk, exemplified by infants who are still so fresh, new and unwary that their coach, Cotton Fitzsimmons says, "They weren't in college long enough to learn how to eat." In truth two of Cotton's men (boys? children? Hawklets?) should still be in college, and a third never did make it there from high school.

This disparity in age groups becomes apparent during periods such as a practice session the other day when the semi-legendary Hawk himself, Connie Hawkins, who is either 31, 33 or 74, depending on whether you believe the man, the record book or the occasional creaky effort, fed a pass to the equally wizened Lou Hudson for a whirling, running hook shot. "Cliff Hagan! Cliff Hagan! Dance on 'em, Cliff," Hawkins roared. After which he realized that half his teammates had no idea who Cliff Hagan was.

"Cliff who?" said Mike Sogorner, who is playing out his senior year at the

University of Utah as a Hawk center.

"I know Cliff Hagan. He plays in the ABA," said John Drew, who is playing out his senior year at Gardner-Webb as a Hawk forward.

Bill (Don't Call Me Poodle) Willoughby, who is sitting out his college *freshman* year on the Hawk bench, was unavailable for comment.

"I'm surprised they don't think Cliff Hagan's some disease," said Fitzsimmons.

No disease has yet hit the Hawks. Their 13-9 record through last weekend was the best in the Central Division and represents a splendid turnaround from last spring, when they finished somewhere in underground Atlanta, searching for the draft rights to David Thompson.

Such improvement without the aid of Thompson or the other turncoat draftee, Marvin Webster—both of whom were waylaid by Denver—can be attributed to the quick blending of the young and the old, the thoughtful platooning of the strong and the lame and the individual skills of the greatest tattooed offensive rebounder in the history of the world.

"It is true that nobody has ever seen a player like John Drew before," says John Drew in a customary outburst of humility. Drew has a heart on his leg, the name "Joe" on one arm, the initial "J" on the

other—all tattoos done up just so by a young cousin when Drew was eight years old. "India ink and a needle," Drew says. "An amateur job. I wanted 'Boss' over the heart, but the needle hurt so bad."

Lately Atlanta has hurt the NBA's best teams likewise so bad. While displaying the aggravating habit of losing to weak clubs, the Hawks have beaten Golden State, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston and Washington; in other words, all of this year's and last year's division leaders except Chicago, whom they haven't played yet and who don't count anyway.

None of this was exactly anticipated. Upon the return of Hudson from elbow surgery and the acquisition of Hawkins from the Los Angeles branch of Rent-A-Relic, Fitzsimmons took a calculated gamble and decided to start the veteran pair, bringing the spectacular Drew off the bench in a sixth-man role. While Hawkins has exploited the passing talents he first displayed about two centuries ago, and Hudson has worked his shooting arm back into shape, Drew has been acquiring some impressive offensive statistics. In his 28-minutes-a-game playing time the 6'6" second-year man has averaged 21.5 points and nine rebounds. Among NBA forwards he is second only to George McGinnis in scoring, and third in steals and shooting percentage.

Hawkins calls Drew "the best offensive player in the game." At the defensive end of the floor, however, Drew is out to lunch. "The cat can't guard my house," says Atlanta's backcourt leader, Tom Henderson.

In a woeful exhibition against Kansas City early last week, Drew's explosive game was running on all its chaotic cylinders. After scoring 16 points in the first half, Drew opened the second in catatonia as Scott Wedman scored three quick baskets off him. In the midst of this, he also threw away the ball, and KC went ahead by 10 points, so he sat down fast.

When he reentered the contest, Drew immediately scored twice to give Atlanta the lead, but down the stretch he committed a traveling violation and a charging foul at important points, and the Hawks lost 100-94.

In the next two games at home, against Buffalo and Kansas City again, Drew rehabilitated himself simply by jumping all over the place. In 53 minutes of playing time he made 23 of 35 shots, scored 60 points and contributed 17 rebounds as well as a pair of surprisingly fine defensive jobs (shared with Hudson) on Jim McMillan and Wedman in Atlanta's 122-99 and 115-101 victories. Hudson's 29 points in the two games meant the Hawks got 89 out of the quick forward position, an indication that Fitzsimmons' platooning strategy was functioning the way he expected it to.

Moreover, the Buffalo game marked the 11th time the improved Hawk defense had allowed an opponent fewer than 100 points; Atlanta's yield is a fat six points a game below last year's team, which finished with the third-worst defensive record in the league.

In addition to getting mileage out of the ancient cornermen, Fitzsimmons has a third war-horse, Guard Tom Van Arsdale, in the starting lineup, after which Dean (the former Dream) Mensinger comes in to get the break moving. Henderson, a second-year man out of New York City and the University of Hawaii, stays in because of his stability and intelligence.

Atlanta's frontcourt substitutions are plain and simple. Hawkins, Hudson and starting Center Dwight Jones are three finesse operators. When, as Assistant Coach Gene Tormohlen says, "We need some gorilla work," in come third-year Forward John Brown, Sojourner and the deceptively powerful Drew.

"There's no mysteries in this league," says Henderson, who has already become all-star material. "We're better simply because we've all been together for a while. On defense we help each other—except Drew. Offensively, it's all more comfortable. For one thing, the Hawk hits the open man. Last year I was always cutting around picks—for nothing. I never saw the ball again."

At the time the Hawkslets were trying to learn the NBA ropes, Atlanta management resembled a game of executive musical chairs. As Fitzsimmons says, "Presidents and GMs were flying out of here like paper clips." The coach acknowledges that it is a miracle he is still around.

Before last season Fitzsimmons traded Maravich to New Orleans for 37 players, 26 draft choices and a partridge in a pear tree. His front-office troubles were thereafter compounded by the natural coaching hazard of controlling spirited youth. While Henderson impresses NBA observers with his maturity, he is, like Drew, no shrinking violet. "I was excited about coming into this league," Henderson will say, "until I realized half the players don't know anything about the game. We got vets who can't even stand up."

"Hawkins an inspiration? An idol?" he will say. "The trouble with the Hawk is he thinks he's 21. It's the night life. The Hawk's head gone Hollywood."

Last season Henderson and Fitzsimmons clashed over the coach's "cussin' out" of the rookie; at times Henderson stuffed a towel in his mouth on the bench to keep from laughing at his team's inept play. On the floor he never did figure out his young teammate, Drew.

"I hate the man's game," says Henderson, "but I encourage him. Once last year, on the break, he pulled up in front of the Philly bench and fired. Nearly kicked Gene Shue in the face. A 40-footer! I say, 'Hey, try and take it in closer.' Drew tells me what I can do. Against Houston I was running a play, and he bumped into me and called me a 'dumb nigger.' I wanted to kill the turkey on the spot. But he's better now."

For his part, Drew at 21 remains the same naïve, effervescent and immensely likable kid he was last year when he debuted with 32 points and immediately told everybody to be sure to spell his name right on the hall of fame plaques.

When he can tear himself away from

holding court with writers about his desire to star in an autobiographical movie, Drew waxes philosophical, in the third person, about his loss of the Rookie of the Year award (to Golden State's Jamal Wilkes) and about his new playing schedule.

"Drew almost quit the game when he didn't win best rookie," Drew says, "because Drew deserved it. Then he felt, well, he just have more to prove this year. Now the fans, they get upset when Drew don't get enough time because they come to see Drew. It's like if you bought tickets to a Stevie Wonder concert and the Wonder Man didn't come on for an hour, you'd be mad, too."

"As long as we're winning, though, the man can get away with not playing Drew enough," he says. "Drew go along. Drew no fool when it come to winning."

Drew no fool when it come to talking, either.

END

What Drew does best: going for the basket





A DIRECT BEARING ON THE BOWLS

The manipulations of Bear Bryant, along with a premature date for making matchups, explain why some of the traditional games lack their usual glitter while at least one of the newer ones promises to be a fiesta

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The best match of the bowl season now beginning, the one with a reasonable chance to amount to something, is, of course, the Orange Bowl in Miami on New Year's night pitting third-ranked Oklahoma, the Big Eight champion, against fifth-ranked Michigan, the first Big Ten team to test the competition outside of Pasadena since the Big Ten-Pacific Eight emancipation of last June. Michigan lost its way to the Orange Bowl with a come-from-ahead defeat at the hands of Rose Bowl-bound Ohio State, a process which, as we shall see, established the trend this year—the bowl game as consolation prize.

The second-best match was dropped from the sky into the lap of that grandbaby of all bowl games, the Fiesta—played for the fifth year in Tempe, Ariz. on Dec. 26, in case you were wondering

who invited it to the party. The Fiesta offers sixth-ranked Nebraska and seventh-ranked Arizona State. What makes it shine particularly is that most of the other bowls allowed themselves to be drolled out by the NCAA-inspired bowl selection process, which is anything but inspirational yet is always, *quo facto*, good for a few laughs. This year it outdid itself.

It would be nice to report that the good people of Tempe accomplished their coup (no other bowl except the Orange has two teams ranked as high) with guile and flair, and by offering Nebraska a pile of money. Neither was the case. The Fiesta Bowl is still small change (\$210,000) compared with what a team takes home from, say, the Sugar Bowl (\$500,000). Furthermore, Arizona's contributions to the art of public relations leave something to be desired. When Nebraska first indicated it would not accept a Fiesta bid, "concerned Arizona citizens," including a member of the Phoenix judiciary, sent the Nebraska team a package of 11 frozen chickens.

As for the Cornhuskers, they had no intention of putting Tempe on the map; they simply had no other place to go. After losing Orange Bowl rights to Oklahoma, Nebraska found itself locked out of every other major bowl. Seeking consolation of any sort, the Cornhuskers turned back to Tempe, but made no bones about their dissatisfaction. (Talk about public relations.) Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne and some Big Eight officials blamed Bear Bryant and the bowl committees for this travesty. Bryant for making another private deal to assure his Alabama team the best possible bowl set-up—the implication being that choosing to play eighth-ranked Penn State was a cop-out—and the committees for knuckling under. Interestingly enough, nobody seemed overly concerned that Arizona State, 11-0 and spoiling for recognition, had a higher ranking than 15 other bowl teams, including UCLA in the Rose, Penn State in the Sugar, Georgia and Arkansas in the Cotton and Florida and Maryland in the Gator, and a record

equaled only by Ohio State. Nobody made very much of that.

But certainly a few hard licks at the system were justified. The only trouble was that the dissenters were trying to string up the wrong gang. The football-playing members of the NCAA are the authors of this present madness. Never mind Bear Bryant, he only thinks he deserves the credit. The NCAA membership sets the ground rules, and the rules it sets are almost foolproof in being able to consistently dilute the significance of the bowls.

Here's the way it works:

Clinging to the fiction that it helps all bowls sell tickets and get publicity by allowing the rush for teams to begin early, the NCAA voted to set the third Saturday in November as pick-'em day, with three big weeks to go in the season. Bowl selectors—by nature a panicky bunch—dare not wait a minute past that day, unless they have conference tie-ups, because they are afraid of getting scooped. So they quickly sign up their choices, and immediately create an aura of negativity around the balance of the season. From that moment on, the question is not will the chosen teams win but will they avoid losing. The bowls hold their breath. So do the nominees. Sometimes they hold their throats.

From the 15th of November on, the following bowl teams rang up defeats: Michigan, Nebraska, Pittsburgh, USC, Texas, West Virginia, Kansas and Texas A&M. North Carolina State was tied, and Florida and Penn State were seared to death in games they should have lost. This is not to say these teams did not deserve bowl bids anyway, but just to point out how the system works. Meanwhile, by having to rush to trial, the bowls were forced to become consolation prizes. Michigan deserved its Orange Bowl bid, but it had to accept right after losing to Ohio State. Nebraska lost for the Fiesta Bowl berth; Texas got the Bluebonnet by losing to Texas A&M; Texas A&M made the Liberty by losing to Arkansas; Southern Cal rode into the Liberty on a four-game losing streak; Pittsburgh

earned a spot opposite four-times-beaten Kansas in the Sun Bowl even though it lost three of its last five games. North Carolina State and West Virginia finished out of the Top 20 and in the Peach Bowl. Three bowls wound up in a ludicrous game of musical chairs with the Southwest Conference. While the Cotton wanted for Arkansas to win (on the first Saturday of December, by the way), the Bluebonnet waited for the A&M-Texas loser, and then the Liberty acquired the A&M-Arkansas loser.

Inevitably, two or three deserving teams emerge at season's end with sparkling glass slippers and no bowls to dance in—this time 14th-ranked California, starring All-America Chuck Muncie, and 15th-ranked Arizona. Or wind up, as Nebraska did, in a pout over having to take leftovers.

Which brings us to Bear Bryant's role in all this. There is no doubt, first of all, that Bryant—with a little help from his coaching friends—has personally influenced bowl matches in the past, usually in finagling to win a national championship, the thing in life he covets most. There is no doubt, too, that he wanted no part of the Big Eight runner-up this year. Or the Southwest Conference runner-up. Or the Big Ten runner-up. On the night of the selections, the Sugar Bowl representative on the scene gave Bryant his choice, and Bryant chose Penn State, "without apologies," he said. "If the Big Eight wanted us so bad, why didn't they invite us?"

Bryant meant why wasn't Alabama invited to the Orange Bowl, and to understand that we must go back a few weeks further. Early in the season Bryant hinted broadly about wanting to be the first to play in a Sugar Bowl in the Superdome, a dubious distinction to be sure since Tulane had played there in the regular season, and so had the pros. But at that point Bryant figured his once-beaten Crimson Tide was out of the national championship picture. USC was unbeaten and winging toward a Rose Bowl showdown with Ohio State. The champion would probably come from there.

continued

Then USC faltered and Bryant changed tack. He decided he'd like to play Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Nebraska was still unbeaten then and Bryant figured that if Ohio State were ambushed, he might slip into the championship the way he had in 1965.

He also hedged his bet, saying he wanted to wait until after the Auburn game on Nov. 29 to entertain bids. But by that time the Orange Bowl was in no mood to wait. It made the Big Ten runner-up

its first priority, counting on the promotional hay and television ratings that selection would surely bring, and relegated Alabama to second choice. Bryant found himself fresh out of the only opportunity he still had for the national championship. And fresh into the snit over what one Kansas City reporter called his uncharacteristic, less-than-John Wayne approach to a challenge.

Thus the Sugar Bowl got Bryant and his hand-picked opponent. And that

seemed to leave the Cotton Bowl for Nebraska or Oklahoma, except the Cotton at that early date would not risk a Texas-Oklahoma rematch, the kind the Rose Bowl is saddled with in UCLA-Ohio State. So the Cotton chose Georgia. And the Gator Bowl, thinking the Big Eight runner-up was already locked into the Sugar Bowl, also went elsewhere. Welcome to Tempe, Coach Osborne. It may not be as warm as Miami, but it's better than Lincoln.

IN ANY CASE, YOU'LL BE BOWLED OVER

by LARRY KEITH



ROSE (PASADENA)

UCLA VS. OHIO STATE
JAN. 1, 1976 4:45 P.M. EST NBC

On paper, there is no way Ohio State can lose the Rose Bowl to UCLA, or the national championship to anybody. The Buckeyes lead the nation in points scored and rank second in points allowed. Archie Heisman gained 1,357 yards, Pete Johnson scored 25 touchdowns, Cornelius Greene completed 59% of his passes, Craig Cassidy intercepted eight passes, Tom Skladany averaged 47 yards a punt, the line blocked as well as ever and the overall defense was the best in years. When the Buckeyes played the Bruins on Oct. 4 they won 41-20. Coach Dick

Vermell insists, "We're a better team now," but so what?

Oh, something shocking could happen. The Buckeyes have proved allergic to roses in the past. Even Woody Hayes was impressed by the running and passing of UCLA's All-America John Scarra, who engineered more points against the Buckeyes than anyone else this year. And Wendell Tyler is the Bruins' all-time single-season leading rusher with 1,216 yards. And Nose Guard Cliff Frazier can come up with the big play. . . .

In the Bruins' last Rose Bowl appearance 10 years ago, a UCLA team with two losses and a tie played another unbeaten No. 1 team that had defeated it earlier (Michigan State), and pulled a 14-12 upset. Incidentally, the No. 2 team also lost its bowl that year and the national championship fell to Alabama, which had lost only its first game. Everybody in Tuscaloosa remembers.



ORANGE (MIAMI)

OKLAHOMA VS. MICHIGAN
JAN. 1, 1976 7:45 P.M. EST NBC

Now that Michigan has won its freedom from the Big Ten's Rose Bowl-only policy and Oklahoma is off NCAA probation, both are fit for introduction to postseason society. Each team has lost only three regular-season games in the last five years, guaranteeing a proper climax to the holiday schedule.

Despite their different offenses—Michigan uses the power I, Oklahoma the wishbone—the teams share several characteristics. Neither passes very often or very well; both prefer to run. The Wolverines offer 1,000-yard-rushers Gordon Bell and Rob

Lytle, while the Sooners feature the balance of Quarterback Steve Davis and Halfback Joe Washington, among others. Both teams punt poorly, but their field-goal kickers, Bob Wood of the Wolverines and Tony DiRienzo of the Sooners, are outstanding.

The defenses yield ground grudgingly, especially against the run. Their secondaries are vulnerable to the pass, but Quarterbacks Davis and Rick Leach may be unable to exploit it. The other defenses are among the best anywhere, especially Leroy and Dewey Selmon of Oklahoma. Michigan's top stopper is Rover Don Dufek.

Oklahoma has a better record (10-1 to 8-1-2) against a tougher schedule (five bowl teams to one). As former Michigan star Gerald Ford said, "It looks like my Wolverines are going to have their hands full."



FIESTA (TEMPE)

ARIZONA STATE VS. NEBRASKA
DEC. 26, 1975 3 P.M. EST CBS

In only its fifth year, the Fiesta Bowl has the trappings of a national championship game, even though the winner may be lucky to squeeze into the top five. But who can slight the credentials of unbeaten Arizona State, seventh-ranked champion of the Western Athletic Conference, and once-beaten Nebraska, sixth-ranked co-champion of the Big Eight? Adding to the luster, the Sun Devils are after their fifth straight bowl victory and the Cornhuskers seek a national record—seven in a row.

Although this is the first meeting ever between the two, Ne-

braska Coach Tom Osborne did spend a fortuitous week in Tempe last spring studying ASU's offense. If he knows how to stop it, he will be miles ahead of the Sun Devils' regular-season opponents, who surrendered 30 points and 421 yards a game. Fred Williams rushed for 1,316 yards and Quarterbacks Dennis Sproul and Fred Mortensen combined to make Arizona State the 11th best passing team in the country.

The Cornhuskers' offensive statistics are only slightly less impressive than Arizona State's and, despite their showing against Oklahoma, they are much less prone to errors. However, Running Backs Monte Anthony and Tony Davis lack outside speed and Quarterback Vince Farris must be wary of Arizona State Cornerbacks Mike Haynes and Mike Martinez. Nebraska may wind up wishing it had stayed at home.

CONTINUED

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**SUGAR (NEW ORLEANS)**ALABAMA VS. PENN STATE
Dec. 31, 1975 7:30 P.M. EST ABC

Bear Bryant could not have picked a better place to end his postseason slump if he had tried. (Praise for laughter.) It was in the 1967 Sugar Bowl that Bryant enjoyed his last holiday victory and it was also in New Orleans that Penn State suffered its

only defeat in seven bowl appearances under Joe Paterno.

So much for history. The Tide should win because it has better personnel. This is not the same Alabama team that embarrassed itself in a 30-7 loss to Missouri. Since then it has outscored 10 opponents 354 to 46. Alabama's backs attack in waves,

with Fullback Johnny Davis the leading rusher and Quarterback Richard Todd a satisfactory wishbone passer. End Leroy Cook and Tackle Bob Baumhower head a defense that was second in the country overall and led the SEC in pass interceptions.

Penn State won nine of 11 games with strong defense and Chris Bahe's kicking. But even in these areas it may be trumped. The Lions' biggest problem is an offense that scored only four touchdowns in its last three games and one TD each in two others. The running backs are average, even when they are not hurt. The receivers are first-rate but Quarterback John Anderson, who was benched against Pittsburgh, is an inconsistent passer.

Penn State's best asset is that Paterno usually plays the toughest opponent close, leading to the kind of game that troubles Bryant the most. Especially around New Year's.

**COTTON (DALLAS)**ARKANSAS VS. GEORGIA
Jan. 1, 1976 2 P.M. EST CBS

Oink, oink! and arf, arf! the Arkansas Razorbacks and the Georgia Bulldogs are playing in a major postseason game again. The Southwest Conference co-champion and Southeastern Conference runner-up earned their Cotton Bowl invitations with

late-season rushes to surprising 9-2 records.

Rush also describes their similar veer offense, although they sometimes pass effectively, too. If Arkansas runners like Forte and Jerry Eckwood have mended, they can gain yards in a hurry. Georgia would like to have Kevin McLee back, but All-

America Guard Randy Johnson can make just about any ball-carrier look good. Arkansas has had the more resilient defense, thanks to players like End Dennis Wooten, but it was Georgia's feisty bunch that inspired James Brown to record *Doolley's Jambory Days*.

Although this could easily turn out to be one of the year's most entertaining games, the Cotton Bowl was hoping for a more nationally significant pairing featuring an unbeaten Texas A&M. Notre Dame or USC would have been an inviting guest, but after those two fell by the wayside, a soured Cotton Bowl official reportedly complained about the unattractive teams that remained. Georgia players say that put-down will only make them play better. Against Arkansas, they will need more advantages than that.

**ASTRO-BLUESONNET (HOUSTON)**TEXAS VS. COLORADO
Dec. 27, 1975 3:30 P.M. EST ABC

According to Darrell Royal, whose judgment must be trusted in these matters, Marty Akins is Texas' best wishbone quarterback ever. With him at the controls the Longhorns are as good as their 9-2 record and Top Ten standing suggest. But

without him, they struggled against TCU and stumbled against Texas A&M. Texas' chances against Colorado, another 9-2 Top Ten team that has won the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl twice, rest on the soundness of Akins' fragile right knee.

Even a healthy Akins would not eliminate concern for a Col-

orado offense that was the most effective in the Big Eight. Buffalo Quarterback Dave Williams led the league in total offense, completing 60% of his passes to Rocky Mountain high receivers like 6' 5" Dave Logan and 6' 8" Don Hasselbeck. A blocking front that averages 6' 5", 260 pounds per man helped Fullbacks Terry Kunz and Jim Kelleher combine for 1,300 yards.

This balance could wear the Longhorn defenders to a frazzle unless the wishbone starts whooshing again. Perhaps it will if reserve Quarterback Ted Constanous has honed his technique in the month since the A&M game. Otherwise, Colorado's defense, like the Aggies' before it, will gang up on a 100-yard Fullback Earl Campbell and the Longhorns will not offend anybody.

With four losses in its last five bowl appearances, Texas could use a victory. But without Akins it's not likely.

**GATOR (JACKSONVILLE)**FLORIDA VS. MARYLAND
Dec. 29, 1975 9 P.M. EST ABC

If the Gator Bowl ends in a tie, both Florida and Maryland can claim cruel and unusual punishment. The two teams have had the same problem lately—an inability to win a big game. One of them deserves a reprieve.

The rap on the Gators is three-fold: they have never won a Southeastern Conference championship, they have dropped both their bowls under Doug Dickey and they lost this season to the only quality teams they played. The Terrapins have had no trouble in the Atlantic Coast Conference, breezing to two straight

championships, but they have been mediocre outside the league, losing two bowls and failing to beat an SEC club.

However, Florida and Maryland did something right during respective 9-2 and 8-2 campaigns: Five players from the Terrapins' nationally-ranked defense made the All-ACC team. But they face an offense that averaged 5.6 yards a snap and features Fullback Jimmy DuBoise, who gained 1,307 yards.

Maryland's offense shuffles four running backs and two quarterbacks. The throwing of Mark Mangas and Larry Dick could cause the most damage, since the Gators were last in SEC pass defense. But Sammy (Odd Job) Green, whom Dickey rates with any of his former All-America linebackers, made Florida one of the toughest teams in the country to score against. As the Terrapins may learn.

CONTINUED

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TANGERINE (Orlando)
MIAMI REDS VS. SOUTH CAROLINA
Dec. 20, 1975 2 P.M. EST

By berling coaches and burying opponents, Miami of Ohio has built an illustrious reputation over the years. But before Dick Crum inevitably graduates into the big time, it wouldn't hurt to win a third consecutive Tangerine Bowl.

The Redskins have won all but two of their last 34 games and have beaten South Carolina the last two times they met. First-year Coach Jim Carlen has given Carolina a new outlook, however, by duplicating the success he previously enjoyed at West Virginia and Texas Tech. The team's record stood from 4-7 to 7-4

came about because a 412-yard-per-game offense offset a 414-yard-a-game defense—if defense is the right word. Jeff Grantz may be the best option quarterback in the country. He accounted for 28 touchdowns and more than 2,000 yards. Kevin Long and Clarence Williams are 1,000-yard rushers.

All three must be at their best, since Miami ranks second in the country against the rush. The surest way to move against the Redskins is by passing against a young secondary that has allowed 11 of the 18 touchdowns scored by opponents.

But Miami will probably gain all the yards it needs on the ground. Tailback Rob Carpenter, Quarterback Sherman Smith and Fullback Randy Walker are well suited to Crum's ball-control attack. This strategy beat Florida and Georgia in previous Tangerine Bowls, putting South Carolina in good company.



LIBERTY (Memphis)
TEXAS A&M VS. USC
Dec. 22, 1975 9 P.M. EST ABC

The Liberty Bowl is not what Southern California and Texas A&M had in mind when they were dominating the Pacific Fight and Southwest Conference races. But four straight losses for the Trojans and a season-ending defeat for the Aggies cancelled their

Rose and Cotton Bowl plans and sent them Memphis-bound. It may be a marriage made in publicity heaven for the Liberty Bowl, but for John McKay, coaching his last college game, and Emory Bellard of A&M it must seem a useless exercise. Both expected so much more.

Speculators, at least, can enjoy watching USC's Ricky Bell, the national rushing champion, challenge the country's best rushing defense. The Aggies' top offensive threats are Halfback Bubba Bean and Fullback George Woodard. Neither team throws well, the lack of a complementary passing game, in fact, is probably the main reason neither is playing on New Year's Day.

Linebackers Ed Simonis and Garth Ten Napel give A&M the better defenders, but Trojan Tackle Gary Jeter is excellent, too. The Aggie field goal kicker, Tony Franklin, and the USC punt returner, Darryl Kince, may also appear in decisive roles.

The injury-ravaged Trojans have been playing on the schedule since McKay's resignation announcement, and the Aggies fell apart against Arkansas. Since USC seems to have forgotten how to win, it probably won't



SUN (El Paso)
KANSAS VS. PITTSBURGH
Dec. 26, 1975 Noon EST CBS

Forget for a moment, as the sponsors of the Sun Bowl have, that the presence of Pittsburgh and Kansas makes this the post-season pairing with the fewest wins (14) and the most losses (eight). These, after all, are the teams which immortalized Notre Dame and Oklahoma. With Tony Dorsett of the Panthers and Nolan Cromwell of the Jayhawks, no record is safe and no opponent sacred.

Both teams have been frustratingly inconsistent this year. Pittsburgh broke away to a 5-1 record but then alternated wins and

losses the rest of the way. After Kansas opened with a defeat against Washington State, first-year Coach Bud Moore sighed, "We may not win a game all season." He was wrong, but no one else was expecting the Jayhawks to do very well, either.

Kansas became bowl-worthy when Cromwell, a free safety, became the quarterback. He made the Jayhawk worthwhile the best running attack in the Big Eight and was the league's individual rushing leader with 1,124 yards. Laverne Smith, with 6.9 yards a carry, helped out, but stop those two and you stop Kansas because Cromwell threw only 49 passes, completing 30.

Dorsett veered to 1,544 yards and teammate Elliott Walker had 780. Matt Cavanaugh makes Pitt the more dependable passing team, and the Panthers also have the better field goal kicker in Carson Long. This versatility should be enough to win



PEACH (Atlanta)
N.C. STATE VS. WEST VIRGINIA
Dec. 31, 1975 3 P.M. EST MAZDA

If N.C. State and West Virginia follow their normal patterns, the Peach Bowl may resemble the NBA Game of the Week. The two teams like to run up and down the field for three quarters before deciding the game at the final buzzer.

This is especially true of the Wolfpack, which defeated three bowl unvictims in a 7-3-1 season. N.C. State used two-point conversions to nip Florida and North Carolina by one point and to tie Duke. A late touchdown beat South Carolina by seven and the Wolfpack sweated out a missed field goal before getting a

third one-point win over Penn State. West Virginia also played best-the-clock during its 8-3 season, but with less satisfactory results. The Mountaineers edged Pittsburgh on Bill McKenra's field goal but lost to Tulane on a field goal and fell to Syracuse when a two-point running attempt was stopped short of the goal line.

Closing rushes did not decide the teams' 1972 Peach Bowl meeting. N.C. State won 49-13 on the quarterbacking of Dave Buckley. Buckley is now a senior and his bombs to twin brother Don and Tight End Pat Hovance, along with Ted Brown's running, make the Wolfpack formidable. The Mountaineers are fumble-prone but Artie Owens runs well and Dan Kendra can pass. The offenses will dominate, so figure N.C. State on a two-point basket, or, conversion, as the clock runs out.

AND

Baseball enjoyed its grandest season in years, culminating in a World Series that held a nation breathless with tension and anticipation. Saluting the sport as well as the man, we honor Cincinnati's Pete Rose, in whose person are combined so many of the qualities of excellence that merit his designation as

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

by Ron Fimrite

The car, a torpedo-shaped Maserati, seems wrong, both for the man and the town. It is too fast, too fancy for Pete Rose and the streets of Cincinnati. But Rose in mufti, crouched behind the wheel of his futuristic auto and contemplating a dashboard as complex as a Boeing 747's, is not the primeval figure he appears to be in the stark uniform of the world champion Cincinnati Reds. He is wearing a chocolate pinstriped suit of indisputably modern cut and high-heeled shoes which, in locomotion, propel his stocky body forward like a ship captain's. Rose's macho crew-cut days are behind him; his rich, reddish-brown hair is now as banged as Clara Bow's. He is at his ease arrayed in these galactic togs as he prepares to launch his Italian rocket ship out of a restaurant parking lot in west Cincy.

Rose is on his way to Oxford, Ohio, where he will be the luncheon speaker at a convention of the Ohio Environmental Health Association, Southwest District. This is scarcely a routine speaking engagement for the 1975 World Series' Most Valuable Player, an orator who now commands fees upwards of \$2,000 and whose very appearance packs auditoriums in his home state. Only 50 southwestern Ohio sanitarians will hear him this day, but their number will include the uncle of the barmaid

who works in the bowling alley across the parking lot from Pete Rose's Restaurant. And that is why he is going out of his way.

"She asked me to do it and I said sure," Rose says, his head snapping back as the Maserati accelerates onto the highway. "Then she said they could only pay me \$250. I laughed and told her what I usually get. But I knew this girl raised horses and my little girl, Fawn—she's 10 now—loves horses. So I said, 'Tell you what, I'll do it for a horse.' She said fine, so my fee is a horse for my daughter. Wait'll my agent hears about this. You know what 15% of a horse is?"

It is an uncommonly warm November day, about 70°, and Rose, who was born in the Anderson Ferry neighborhood of Cincinnati and has since moved only a few miles away, but into a \$135,000 house in a prestigious area, marvels at the spectacle of a wintry landscape basking in a spring sun. A workman on his lunch break sits alongside the road with his shirt off.

"Look at that," says Rose, whipping by the sunbather. "November in Ohio and a guy's sunning himself." Rose speaks as swiftly, as frenetically, as he moves, punctuating his remarks with bursting expressions of enthusiasm. He also examines his listeners for telltale indications of cynicism. He is street-smart, street-quick to

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDNA BLUMHEIMER

beat an opponent to the put-on. "I come from a mean neighborhood," he will say. "I can be nasty when I have to." When he first became a professional baseball player in 1960, fresh from Cincinnati's Western Hills High School, brush-cut and with a wardrobe highlighted by alpaca sweaters, he was often ridiculed. Neither his teammates nor his opponents could fathom his rapturous manner, his unbridled rah-rahism. "They couldn't believe he was for real," says Reds Pitcher Jack Billingham, who played against Rose in the Florida State League in 1961. "They'd talk about him on buses. I'd hear all about this kid who runs out walks and never stops talking. Well, Pete's just the same now. He hasn't slowed up at all."

There are those today who still do not believe Rose is for real, who suspect him of being some sort of horsehide woozer. When he started playing they called him "Hollywood" or "Hot Dog," derisive expressions in baseball parlance that substitute for "show-off." When he advanced to the majors, he was shunned at first by his own teammates. The Reds were notably cliquish then, and the brash young hustler did not fit the accepted mold of professional nonchalance. Rose found his friends among the team's blacks, Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson, who recognized in him, if not soul, at least miles and miles of heart. "I'm laughing today at all those guys who called me names," Rose is now able to say as he hustles himself into the Hall of Fame.

The Maserati draws crowds of college youngsters at stoplights in Oxford, which is the site of Miami University. The car catches their eyes at first, then the driver. "Hey, Pete Rose... All right!" This is Pete Rose country.

The lodge where the convention is being held is an immense peak-roofed structure in rolling countryside above the little town. As Rose walks through the front door he receives an ovation from a crowd of kitchen workers and dining-room help who have been awaiting his arrival in the lobby. "You're my boy," shouts one elderly woman in white. "What'll my mom say about that?" Rose rejoins as the old party dissolves in giggles.

When it is time for Rose to speak he tells familiar jokes, using delegates as characters in them. He kids the few women there—"Don't you go inspecting no farms all alone, honey." He is a wow. The sanitarians, languid sorts before lunch, cannot get enough of him.

"I never would have gotten a Reds contract if my uncle hadn't been a scout for the team," he tells them. "He convinced them my family matures late. My father weighed only 105 when he was 21. He played semipro football at 185. Played until he was 42. I was a little guy, too, when I first came up, and I play at 200 now. The first scouting report on me said something like, 'Rose can't run, can't throw, can't hit left-handed, but he has a lot of enthusiasm.' I'm still just as enthusiastic about my job. Why shouldn't I be? For me, playing baseball for \$3,000 a week is a license to steal. . . . This last World Series you didn't have to be a Cincinnati fan or a Red Sox fan or a fan of any team. It was just a great baseball Series. Game Six was the most exciting I've ever

continued

RUNNER-UP O.J. SIMPSON

The personnel director of a National Football League team recalled a time he had taken his son to see Willie Mays play baseball. Mays was on his way to the Hall of Fame, and as introduction the personnel director pictured in words the *rara avis* his son was about to behold. But Mays was past his prime. The figure on the field was thick with age. When he ran, his cap stayed on. At bat, he popped up. Compared with what the boy had been told to expect, the figure on the field was unidentifiable, a caricature of Mays.

Then, on another day, he took his son to see O.J. Simpson run with a football. "I remember having read a scouting report on Simpson," he said. "It ended, 'He's the greatest.' I resented that. Scouts are supposed to be objective, to be analytical. Then we saw Simpson. I did not have to explain him to my son. An authentic Hall-of-Famer, in the very prime of his athletic life. What a sight. The only football player I've ever seen who exceeded lavish scouting reports. I was moved."

There is a commercial that appears regularly on television these days. It pictures a dapper, radiantly handsome Orenthal James Simpson running to catch a Hertz rent-a-car. He is smiling as he hurdles the airport guard-rail and flashes past the cheering old lady. A young man (28) obviously at the top of his career, and enjoying it. One can imagine that the car is curbside to take him to Canton for an early installation. Simpson has hinted that he would like to go out this way, more or less soaring; that the options open to him—television, movies—are lucrative enough to make him think twice about remaining too much longer in the path of mayhem. And yet. . . .

"He worked harder this year than ever," said the assistant coach, a defensive specialist. "It's amazing, the superstar that he is, the way he works. This year he caught the ball better, he blocked better. He took it on himself to encourage our defense, knowing we're younger and need encouragement. He hollers at Earl Edwards, 'That's it, get after 'em, Earl.' He runs pass patterns all-out, hard as he can go to give our defense a better look. He talks to everybody. Jim Braxton got 160 yards against St. Louis when O.J. was used mostly as bait, and O.J. was the first to congratulate him. 'Hey, Bubby, great!' he said. Braxton said, 'Yeah, thanks to you.'"

"A star like Simpson isn't paid to lead cheers. But that's O.J. I'll never forget a game with Baltimore when he started a sweep and the linebacker and the end busted through. Had him cold two yards behind the line. He stopped and made 'em miss, cut back inside and went 78 yards. It should have been a two-yard loss and he turned it into a touchdown. On the sidelines he went around congratulating all the linemen for the great job they'd done. They hadn't done a thing."

The Buffalo publicist said it had been Simpson's best year "for keeping appointments and returning calls." He said he was consistently amazed by the good humor and cooperation of the star in the face of magazine cover stories (*Time*, *Newsweek*) that never appeared and interviews that went awry. He said it reflected O.J.'s mat-

uration, "a matter of being totally together." There had been a turning point. The publicist recalled that when Lou Saban came to be the Buffalo coach in 1972 he promised to give Juice the ball, knowing O.J. had loved being unleashed at USC as much as he hated being harnessed by the coaching staffs that preceded Saban's at Buffalo.

The result is that Simpson, under Saban, has carried for 75% of his yardage as a pro and become a happy man. This is relatively speaking. Simpson says he would like to be "appreciated" more by management, having "reached a point where I know what I have done and can do, and what I deserve." Saban had recognized what John McKay had found to be true at USC—the single most breathtaking facet of O.J.'s ability was that the more he carried the ball in a game the better he got. He could not be intimidated. In the face of fatigue, he was indefatigable. An entire defense was more likely to wane and lose its concentration before Simpson.

"A sooner-or-later back," said a onetime rival coach. "Sooner or later, no matter how hard you make it for him, O.J. will beat you. Eight, 10, 20 carries, no matter how many times he gets stacked up, no matter how much muscle you lay on him, he does not discourage. Let up on the 21st play and he's in the end zone. He has brought back to pro football the Jimmy Brown dimension—the great running back who actually gets tougher the more tired he seems to be."

Simpson can articulate this quality: he makes it sound matter-of-fact. He says that early in a game an offensive player's mind is a haze of scouting reports and his own apprehensions. He is thinking as much as he is acting, and therefore is tentative. "That's why you'll see me go off by myself, away from the conversation. I tell guys, 'Get away from me with all that stuff,' because it ruins your head. Eventually I reach a point where I stop trying to outthink the defense and begin to react instinctively to the situation—to what a guy does, whether he's trying to handle me one-on-one, whether he can take a shoulder or a head feat. I know instinctively what to expect. The more tired I get, the better I react. It's like a fighter who's hurt and fights better because he's fighting instinctively."

Simpson says of this season, "I am more satisfied as a player now than I've ever been—I'm at my peak physically and mentally. I know what I have to do, the way it should be done, without having to prove myself or satisfy my pride the way I did when I was younger. It doesn't bother me as much when I don't get the ball." Interestingly enough, the result has been the busiest, most productive year of his career. With one game to play, he needs just 104 yards for the second-best—next to his own 2,003—rushing season in history; this year he has averaged more carries (24 per game) than any back who ever played, including himself when he set the record of 332 in 1973. He beat Pittsburgh with his fourth 200-yard game, tying Brown's record. He beat New England with his first four-touchdown game.

The team executive, employed by a rival of Buffalo's, was asked what O.J. Simpson meant to professional football. "Money," said the executive.



And to Buffalo? "A barrel of money," said the executive. "Simpson is the first athlete since Babe Ruth to have a stadium built for him [the 80,020-seat Rich Stadium in Buffalo], and when they filled it they filled it for Simpson, not the mediocre team the Bills had then. They still fill it for Simpson."

The personnel director said it was money, conversely, that finally diminishes the great players. There is too much to be made, keeping them locked in the game until they decay before your eyes. He said, "In my experience, only Otto Graham quit at the top. Look at Unitas. Look at Joe Namath now, how pitiful he is." But with O.J., he said, there was this new twist. "He has a second life already under way—television contracts, big movie deals. He may quit too soon."

The personnel director estimated that O.J. has at least two more seasons at the top, and then several more of being "good enough." He said he doubted the day would come that he would have to explain Simpson to someone who was seeing him play for the first time. He said he was glad that it was not necessary to think of that for now: he was glad that a man could still see Simpson sliding through a hole and into a secondary, and over airport railings and past cheering old ladies, better than ever and better than everyone.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD



RUNNER-UP

JACK NICKLAUS

Most of golf's touring professionals seem to do a little but play the game, or talk, think, worry and complain about playing the game, except of course on those few occasions each year when their minds turn to another somewhat related sport: stalking the texturized Dacron polyester clothing ad. Jack Nicklaus has always been different. Not only in the brazenly consistent golf shots that he puts on display from one tournament to another, which tend to result in some sort of record being shattered every time he bends over and reaches toward the cup, but also in the life he lives. In 1975 Nicklaus might well have played his best golf ever, and yet it was also a year in which he widened his interests and enriched himself with other sporting and business pleasures. In fact, he was so busy winning or coming close to winning just about every tournament he entered, while at the same time so obviously enjoying a multitude of diversions, that there wound up being only two things he could not find the time for. He did not take his kids snorkeling in Rae's Creek at Augusta National to look for the bodies of Johnny Miller and Tom Weskopf. And he did not explore a region of the Amazon to see if he could design an 18-hole course

through the rubber trees for the Tupi-Guarani tribesmen.

Forget the golf for a moment. What Nicklaus is about to embark upon during these holidays is typical of both the man and his year. With the family, Jack is headed for Snowmass for his first experience on the ski slopes. Although he has said, "I'm taking my zip-on cast so I can stay at the bottom of the mountain," skiing will nevertheless be the ninth sport, other than golf, that Nicklaus will have participated in during the calendar year. Not necessarily in order, the others have been tennis, basketball, fishing, water skiing, boating, swimming, quail hunting and trapshooting. This leaves out wine-tasting, but that is perhaps more of a hobby.

The tennis was a constant, everyday thing, with his kids or with friends, whenever Nicklaus was back home in North Palm Beach, Fla., fresh from capturing the Masters or the PGA, or unfresh from barely losing the U.S. Open or British Open. Basketball is a persistent pursuit, mostly halfcourt in the driveway except when he was playing on a team at various local high school gyms last winter just about the time everyone thought he was being tormented by the headlines being made by Johnny Miller. With three boats docked out back of his home—beyond the pool—the water skiing, cruising and swimming come rather easily. There is a small game farm near the Florida residence where he takes his older sons for quail hunting and trap shooting. Some of the fishing was off the Great Barrier Reef, seeing as how it tied in with his winning the Australian Open, but he also fished in Cozumel and around the Florida Keys.

As if all of this wasn't enough to relieve the pressures of the golfing business—the tournaments, the course designing, the organizing of his very own tour event beginning in the spring of 1976, and simply running the empire—Nicklaus also squeezed in some spectating.

It can be reported that Jack's three favorite football teams are the Benjamin Buccaneers, the Ohio State Buckeyes and the Miami Dolphins. He missed only two Benjamin games all season, Benjamin being a junior high that happens to have a fullback and defensive end named Jackie Nicklaus, and a tailback and safety named Steve Nicklaus. He missed only one Miami Dolphin game in the Orange Bowl—for these he has been known to rent a van, cook dinner for a few chums and join the gangs in the parking lot toasting Bob Kuechenberg. And he would naturally have seen more than just two Ohio State games in Columbus if it had not been for various corporate matters requiring his attention in Japan, Spain, Canada, Australia and all those other pages in this year's Nicklaus Geographic.

There were other things to watch besides football. While warming up for the British Open he played three practice rounds at Carnoustie with his son Jackie, 14. "I was trying to get him in shape to qualify for the USGA Junior," says Nicklaus. He also dashed over to Edinburgh so Jackie could see and play a round at exalted Muirfield, a place so special to Nicklaus that he has named his club in Columbus after it, Muirfield Village. And then Jack, Barbara and Jackie jetted home for the express purpose of seeing Steve, 12, per-

form at third base in a Little League all-star game.

Nicklaus has admitted that he travels too much to win a qualifying heat in the Father-of-the-Year derby, but he scored high marks on one particular wholesome family unit test the week of the PGA in Akron. There was this understandable urge he had to win another major championship, but it was in slight conflict with a different event of considerable importance. Nan Nicklaus, aged 10, was entered in her first competitive sports event, the 10-and-under division of the Scioto Country Club Junior Tennis Tournament. Nicklaus passed up all of his opportunities for practice at Firestone, other than a late round in the rain the day before the tournament began, in order to watch Nan win the championship doubles and the consolation singles in Columbus. Of course, Nicklaus ran away with the PGA anyhow, further illuminating a remark by Barbara.

"There's a lot of Jack in Nan," she says. "Her jaw gets set when she plays a game."

The purpose served in dwelling on these extra activities and interests of Jack Nicklaus is twofold. They make the year he had in golf all the more impressive, and they help to demonstrate once again what an incomparable athlete we have among us, performing at his peak.

The Masters that he won by hanging in there on Sunday against Miller and Weiskopf was not only a record fifth for him but it has every reason to be called the most thrilling major tournament ever played.

Nicklaus came agonizingly close in 1975 to that Grand Slam he seeks, for between winning the Masters and the PGA, which were his 15th and 16th major championships (Bob Jones had the record at 13, remember), he was right there in the heated dramas of Medinah and Carnoustie, needing only one more great shot to take both the U.S. and British Opens away from the leaders.

"I played well all year long because I worked harder at it," he says. "My mental preparation for the majors was especially good."

Nicklaus did more than play well. In 18 tournaments he never finished out of the top 20; he was out of the top 10 only twice; in 14 events he was among the top six; he averaged 69.8 strokes per round, his best ever; he won five times in the U.S. on some fairly demanding courses—Augusta, Firestone, Harbour Town, Pinehurst No. 2 and Doral; he took the money-winning title for the seventh time, the PGA's Player of the Year for the fourth time, and he became the first player in history to win two major championships in a single year for the fourth time, breaking out of a tie at that odd but distinguished category with that fellow named Jones and another named Ben Hogan.

Which brings up one last point. What Jack Nicklaus proved in 1975 with a devastating finality is something the golfing world has suspected all along, that he can "turn it off and turn it back on again," as the pros say, like only Jones and Hogan before him. And perhaps he can do it better than either. After all, this was the year Nicklaus particularly enjoyed the dual role of an immortal and a human being.

—DAN JENKINS

played in, and I've played in more than 2,000 games. We lost it and I still said so at the time. 'Some kind of a game.' I said to Carlton Fisk. I'm just happy to be a world champion now. I look like a world champion, don't I?" He fingers the flared lapels of his fancy suit jacket as if such apparel were foreign to him. "Got to have this suit back by 2:30."

He answers questions for another 30 minutes. He was happy to move to third base, he says, because the move helped the team. Now he does not ever want to go back into the outfield. There are more people to talk to at third. Better class of fan there, too. "The only talkin' I did in the outfield was hollerin' at those people throwin' bottles at me in left field down at Dodger Stadium." Does Transcendental Meditation represent a psychic wave of the future to professional athletes, he is asked by a contemplative sanitarian. "I've hit 300 10 times and I can't even say the damn words," he replies.

He sums up his own philosophy. "I give 100%. I don't give just 100%, because some guy opposite me might be giving that much. If you have a guy equal in ability to me, I'm gonna beat him because I'll try harder. That guy ain't got a chance."

The sanitarians all agree it is the best talk they have heard. Rose spends another 15 minutes or so signing autograph books and baseballs and chatting with the delegates. He is exuberant, as he usually is, by this contact with his followers. "What gives me the most pleasure in this game is just seeing people's faces," he says, "seeing how excited they get about us winning the World Series, having people come up to me saying, 'Thanks.' That's what this is all about." He smiles as he climbs into the car. "My little girl's gonna love that horse." The Maserati explodes forward, Rose's head snaps back.

To many knowledgeable baseball fans, Pete Rose is the most exciting player in the game. He does not hit home runs often or steal many bases or field and throw exceptionally well, but he plays the way the ancients tell us the game should be played—scientifically, yet with abandon. Even his contemporaries look upon him as something of an anachronism. "Pete Rose is a throwback to an earlier generation," the Mets' Bud Harrelson once said. Harrelson may have had Ty Cobb in mind, since it was Rose's mad charge into second base during the 1973 National League playoffs that precipitated their famous bout and that, for one season at least, gave Rose an unwarranted reputation as a bully. That play also recalled another Cobbian effort, Rose's stampeding of Ray Fosse in the 1970 All-Star Game. Ted Kluszewski, the former Red's slugger and present batting coach, says he feels Rose's style is nearer that of Enos Slaughter, the erstwhile Cardinal gamecock who still intimidates infielders in oldtimers games.

The emotional side of Rose's game tends to upstage the technical, which is in itself imposing. In 13 major league seasons, all with his hometown Reds, Rose has accumulated 2,547 hits, an average of 196 per season. He has had seven 200-hit seasons and has led the National League in hits five times. His announced goal is

continued

3,000 career hits, a figure he should achieve by 1978, when he will be 37. He should surpass Frankie Frisch's record of 2,880 hits by a switch hitter a year earlier. He has led the league in both doubles and runs scored the past two seasons, has scored more than 100 runs in eight seasons, including the last four, and has hit .300 or better 10 times, including nine times in succession from 1965 through 1973. He is alleged to have slumped in 1974, when his average fell to .284, but he walked 106 times that year, more than in any other season, so his on-base average was approximately the same. This year Rose "came back" by hitting .317 in the regular season and .370 in the World Series. He has won three batting championships and two Gold Gloves. He was the National League's Rookie of the Year in 1963 and its Most Valuable Player 10 years later. And, to repeat, he was the Most Valuable Player in this year's World Series.

Rose's contributions to the Reds' drive to the world championship are incalculable. He willingly risked embarrassment at a new position by agreeing to play third base, a sacrifice few athletes of his stature would make without complaint. The Reds were faltering at the time, early May, because their power men, Johnny Bench and Tony Perez, were slumping. Manager Sparky Anderson reasoned that if he could move hard-hitting George Foster to left field and shift Rose to third, the Reds could tap up the slack for the temporarily sagging sluggers. Anderson was aware that in 1966 Rose had objected to a transfer to third because of his unfamiliarity with the position and his newly discovered confidence at second. "It didn't make sense to me at the time," Rose says. "Besides, Don Heffner [then the Reds' manager] ordered me over there. Sparky asked me. I proved myself right the first time. Tommy Helms ended up playing third in '66 and won Rookie of the Year. This time Sparky was right and I knew it made sense." With Rose at third and Foster in left for the rest of the season, the Reds swept to the pennant and the world championship.

"When Rose moved to third," says Connie Ryan, former manager of the Atlanta Braves, "he made that team."

Anderson was not surprised at his star's unselfishness. When he first took over as manager in 1970, Rose came to him and, to his complete astonishment, said, "I make the most money on this team. I'll do anything you want me to."

This season Rose did not merely put in his time at third base, he worked tirelessly to master the position. "He's an inspiration to younger players," says Kluszcwsky. "They see him out there busting his butt and they say, 'Hey, maybe this is how it's done up here.'"

Rose's influence extends to older players. In Billingham's opinion, Rose has helped change Joe Morgan's approach to the game. When Morgan, the new National League MVP, and he were traded to the Reds from Houston in 1972, Billingham says, "Joe and I had gotten to the point where we were probably thinking more about ourselves than about our team. But Pete helped

us get out of that. Pete might go 0 for 4, but if we'd win the game, he'd be the happiest guy in the clubhouse. You notice things like that."

Morgan himself has said, "When I played against Pete, I assumed nobody went that hard all the time, that he did that just against us. You can't judge a player when you see him only a few games a season. Now that I have seen him day in and day out, I find him amazing."

The sheer force of Rose's personality was felt most compellingly, perhaps, in the sixth inning of the final game of the World Series. The Reds had closed an early 3-0 Red Sox lead to 3-2 on Perez' home run in the top half of the inning. There was someone on base for Perez to drive home only because Rose, sliding with typical fury into second, had intimidated Denny Doyle into throwing wildly to first on what would have been an inning-ending double play. Now, with the Red Sox about to come to bat, Rose gave an astonishing performance. He set about rousing his teammates, as if they were troops on the front line. He bellored encouragement, pounded his fist into his glove and bounced about the infield with enthusiasm that was contagious. He seemed to grow physically in stature, to tower over the situation. Even in the stands, his will to win could be felt. Though they still trailed in the game, it seemed inevitable the Reds would win. It was a highly charged moment of a kind rarely, if ever, seen in a major league baseball game. Rose had stirred his teammates, hardened professionals, to a collegiate pitch. The Red Sox, of course, with Rose driving in the tying run and Morgan the finisher.

Peter Edward Rose is the third of four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Rose. He has a younger brother, David, 27, and two older sisters, Jackie, 37, and Caryle, 39. Jackie, Mrs. Albert Schwiier, still lives in the Rose family home, a rambling, 85-year-old, two-story wooden structure on a hill commanding the Ohio River. It is the same house in which her mother, her older sister and she were all born. Rose's father was called "Pete," a name he liked well enough to pass on to his first son.

"Daddy wanted a boy real bad," says Mrs. Schwiier, a small, black-haired, handsome woman. "That's why my name is Jackie. My father loved sports and when Pete finally came along, he was tickled. He started taking him to ball games when he was only two. Pete was the waterboy on the semipro football team Daddy played for. He'd go everywhere Daddy went. It's a funny thing, I used to feel sorry for Pete. He'd come home having done these terrific things in sports and Daddy would concentrate only on the bad things he'd done. He never wanted Pete to get too self-satisfied, to get to the point where he wasn't always trying to do better."

Harry Francis (Pete) Rose began working for the Fifth-Third Union Trust Bank as a messenger when he was 15. He eventually became assistant cashier, laboring over figures for so many hours that he developed frequent headaches. He played Sunday baseball and football, and was a member of the original Cincinnati Bengals football club of the late 1930s, a semiprofessional

continued

Out of the last 6 years of smoking, I've only enjoyed the last 5 months.



I started to pay attention to all the fuss about smoking about 6 years ago. That's when the uproar about 'tar' and nicotine started to get in the way of my pleasure. For me, it made the real difference between just liking smoking and really enjoying it.

I thought of quitting, but I really didn't want to. So I decided to switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette.

Easier said than done. You practically had to drag on the ones I smoked until the insides of your cheeks touched.

Then 5 months ago, I was over at my sister-in-law's house. We were both smoking low 'tar' and nicotine brands. But I was the only one complaining about the flavor. So she offered me one of hers. I told her, "No thanks, one's as tasteless as another." She said, "This is different."

And it was. It was a Vantage.

Now I've smoked more than a few low 'tar' and nicotine brands over the last 6 years. But Vantage is the only one I've found that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine. Without destroying the flavor. And it has an easy draw, too.

So for the last 5 months, I've really enjoyed smoking Vantage.

And when I sometimes wish I'd found them sooner, I tell myself I should be glad I found them at all.

Suzanne Clark
Suzanne Clark
Director, New Jersey

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



FILTER: 12 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 11 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. '75.

team that played in the tough Ohio-Kentucky league. "Pete's dad was quite an athlete," recalls Whitey Wallenborg, a former teammate of the father's and a business partner of the son's. "It sounds funny to say it, but he had the instincts of an O.J. Simpson."

Says Rose himself, "My dad was tough, man. He had more guts than any two guys I've ever known. But he was mild-mannered. There are three things in my life I never saw: I never saw my dad smoke, take a drink of hard liquor or argue with my mom. I like to think my relationship with my son is the same as my father's was with me. I want my boy to be an athlete, too. He's Peter Edward Rose II—none of that Junior stuff—and he's a strong little kid, only six, but he weighs over 60 now. Big hands and feet. I'm built like my dad. Stocky, strong—my body is my best asset. My dad was really something else. There I'd be, a hundred-thousand-dollar ballplayer, and he'd be waiting for me outside the clubhouse to let me have it for not hustling enough."

Rose frowns. His rock-featured, open face is a window to his changing humor. "I was actually better in football than baseball in high school. If I'd been eligible my senior year, I'd probably have gone on to college. I was a halfback, captain of the freshman team. At that point in my life, football was a big thing to me, my dad being a football player and all. The thing was, when you were a sophomore you had to be invited to try out for the varsity. Well, I was little, only about 130, but tough, like my dad. But they said I was too small and I didn't get invited. That hurt me, hurt me real bad. You can imagine how my dad felt. I had all interest in school. I flunked, and not because I was stupid. It's just that I didn't want to go to school anymore. I had five years of high school because of it. I played both baseball and football my second sophomore year and my junior year—I'd grown a little by then. But I was indelible as a senior. No one could ever know how hurt I was back then unless they knew me and my dad."

On a December day five years ago, Harry Francis Rose left work at the bank early. He was feeling ill, and it was more than just the headaches. He took the bus home rather than go directly to the doctor. He'd be O.K. at home. As he entered the old house above the river, he staggered and fell face forward on the steps to the second floor. He was dead at 58 of a blood clot in the heart.

"It was the biggest blow in Pete's life," says an old friend, Karl Hauck.

"When you lose somebody you're close to," says Pete, recalling the day, "you can cry all you want. But my dad got to see me win batting titles, play in All-Star Games and in the World Series. The way I look at it, I repaid him."

Pete Rose met his wife, the former Carolyn Englehardt, in 1963, his rookie year, at a racetrack. Through binoculars he spotted her standing in a crowd near the rail. With the help of a mutual friend he maneuvered an introduction. "Don't you play football for a local tavern?" she inquired of the National League's Rookie of

the Year, only mildly flustering him. They were married in January of 1964. Rose was several hours late to the wedding reception, however. He had first to accept a Rookie of the Year award from the Cincinnati baseball writers, a conflict of priorities that only mildly flustered the new bride.

Karolyn Rose is a bouncy, curly-haired brunette who, in an earlier time, might have been called a "kook," a term that has mercifully outlived its vogue. She is as lively as her husband and even more puckish, although she has had the role of mother superior to the younger baseball wives thrust upon her by virtue of her husband's seniority on the roster. Indeed, she is writing a book on the plight of the baseball player's wife, a work she trusts will be invaluable to future generations of the suffering sisterhood. She has also conducted her own sports radio show and joshingly entertains notions of being discovered by movie talent scouts in a soda fountain.

The Roses, man and wife, never enter into any project halfheartedly, and their two children have inherited their energy and directness. Fawn Rose once asked Sparky Anderson why her father was not permitted to take a summer vacation like all the other fathers in her neighborhood. "Because," the manager replied meekly, "I need him."

We are all merely extensions of ourselves as children, but when a man plays a child's game for his living, he seems removed only a slight distance from his former self. From afar he still could be a child at play. But he will tell you he approaches his job with the same seriousness as, say, a chiropractor or an airline pilot. It is grown-up stuff. So where is the joy?

No baseball player dedicates himself to his craft with more zeal than Pete Rose. His knowledge of pitchers is encyclopedic. He is a veritable savant on the subject of hitting a baseball or fielding it. He knows base running the way Pythagoras knew geometry. He is a competent baseball historian, able to quote columns of figures and recall pivotal situations without recourse to reference works. He earns more than \$160,000 a year, funds he entrusts primarily to the keeping of an attorney, an agent and an accountant.

Ah, but we do not care about his money. His familiarity with the intricacies of his craft is moderately diverting, but of no lasting consequence. No, we are drawn to him for a quality he exhibits in greater abundance than any other athlete in sport today—the joy of participation. When Pete Rose says, as he will, "I'd play for nothing if I could afford it," it is impossible not to believe him. The pleasure he gets out of playing his game is infectious. "Hollywood?" "Hot Dog?" Who cares? Pete Rose is for real.

The experts come acropper when they grope for comparisons. Ty Cobb? Hardly. Enos Slaughter? Not really. Batting Coach Kluszewski has finally abandoned his own quest for a likeness. "Pete Rose," Kluszewski says, "is an original. You won't see another like him in a thousand years."

END

Raise your standard of giving.



GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

'AMERICA IS FORMED

So wrote one of the British travelers who toured the colonies before the Revolution, enchanted by the natural grandeur, the wealth of sporting life
by ROBERT CANTWELL

"You are going to a country where every thing will appear new and wonderful to you; but it will appear so only for a while . . . let me, therefore, recommend to you that you note in your pocket-book every circumstance, that may make an impression upon you. . . ."

—ANDREW BURNABY
*Travels Through the Middle
Settlements in North America*

When the British occupied Philadelphia and New York during the Revolution they ran their thoroughbreds over the local tracks. The results of most of these races were not preserved. If the British felt obliged to discard any documents, they should have thrown away their military records. Instead, they carefully saved every incriminating shred of paper, a monument to what one English historian calls the "incept stupidity" and the "coalition of pride, folly and incompetence" that cost Britain her American colonies.

For 200 years before the Revolution, British travelers, explorers and naturalists produced countless books on the wonders and promise of the American wilderness. A diary entry by Captain Harry Gordon expresses the tone of much

of these works. On June 29, 1766, upon first beholding the Ohio River Valley, Gordon wrote, "This may be from proper knowledge Affirmed, that it is the healthiest . . . most pleasant and most Commodious Spot of the Earth known to European People. . . ." But after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill such glowing accounts ceased, as though a door had been slammed in the face of an astonished admirer. There is the strange case of William Combe. He operated a sort of literary factory in London, polishing the journals of travelers into readable (and extremely popular) books. Combe turned out a number of such works about America. And what happened to the original manuscripts? He burned them! It took him a week, sedulously tearing them apart and igniting each page with a candle.

Also missing are some priceless letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, who had a great deal to say about thoroughbred racing. Her husband was Sir Charles Bunbury, the leading horseman in England, president of the Jockey Club and the owner of Diomed, who won the first Derby at Epsom Downs in 1780. Diomed was a disappointment at stud. Sold to an American, he recovered his potency in Virginia at the age of 21. His descendants include the great horses Boston, Lexington, Sir Archy and many other notable American thoroughbreds, including Man o' War. He was the first and most famous example of a cull from impatient English

FOR HAPPINESS'

breeders that mysteriously sired winners in the New World. Lady Sarah's favorite correspondent was a girlhood friend, Lady Susan Fox-Strangeways, who was exiled to New York when she eloped with an impoverished Irish actor. Throughout their lives these two sprightly daughters of the nobility exchanged letters full of cheerful gossip. Lady Sarah, especially, was a prolific letter writer. The historian Sir George Otto Trevelyan said that one of her letters (telling of her courtship by George III before her marriage to Sir Charles) was "the most charming of all documents which bear upon English history." When Lady Sarah went to the races she would confide to Lady Susan such news as, "Maggie ran and was beat. . . I lost my money."

Among such chitchat are passages of importance to racing historians. When her husband added a small gray to his stable, Lady Sarah wrote that he was "the sweetest little horse that ever was; his name is Gimcrack, he is delightful." Soon thousands of racegoers were agreeing with her. Gimcrack was perhaps the first thoroughbred to win the affection of the general public. He was very small, only 14 hands, but so spirited and appealing that crowds flocked to the track whenever he ran. He competed often, winning nearly 30 of his 40 races, and helped transform racing from the sport of a few wealthy owners into a mass entertainment.

"I feel quite frightened about these rebellions in New York," Lady Sarah wrote on Jan. 9, 1766, forgetting racing and gossip for the moment to ask about the Stamp Act. Alas, for the crucial period of 1768 to 1775 not a single letter survives.

When General John Burgoyne arrived in Boston in the spring of 1775, shortly after the Battle of Lexington, he brought his fishing tackle with him. He expected to have plenty of time to fish; for years British travelers had been writing books describing the amazing variety of game in American rivers. Burgoyne was 53 years old at the time, a

ruddy-cheeked, round-faced, well-preserved individual who was just then enjoying unexpected triumph as a dramatist; his play, *The Maid of the Oaks*, was a success at London's Drury Lane Theatre.

The annual race for fillies that follows the running of the Derby was named for Burgoyne's former estate, the Oaks, and the many races for fillies called the Oaks throughout the world take their name from that unfortunate general's home near the Epsom racetrack. Burgoyne had fished the Leatherhead River that flows through the Downs, so it was only natural that he wanted to cast his flies in American waters. Even when his army was marching from Canada on its way to defeat at Saratoga, his officers solicitously reported good fishing spots along the way. In June of 1777, only four months before Burgoyne surrendered, one of his officers camped near the outlet of the Bouquet River into Lake Champlain, and wrote, "Two miles up this river there is a saw-mill, and a fall of water, where there is most excellent trout-fishing."

Ever since his defeat Burgoyne has been regarded unsympathetically as a general, a dramatist and a fisherman. He should at least be given credit for having read the accounts of the travelers who preceded him. They, too, fished and they noted with surprise that in America even young ladies practiced the sport. One exclusive fishing club in Philadelphia was limited to 16 young fishermen and 16 young ladies, and its clubhouse was located in a most romantic spot on the banks of the Schuylkill River. Colonial dress was not designed for sport, so the ladies wore a club uniform, in which they appeared to great advantage. According to one admiring Englishman, the club's members "divert themselves with walking, fishing, going up the water, dancing, singing, conversing, or just as they please." Another club, now called the State in Schuylkill, was organized in 1732, and is the oldest sports club in the world.

continued



recreated

About 20 years before the Revolution it became fashionable for well-born English travelers to make a grand tour of the North American colonies. They generally arrived with expectations of wilderness adventures, traveled leisurely and returned home to publish accounts of their journeys. Their view was that the proper way to see the country was to arrive in the South in the spring and work one's way north. The westward sea voyage took about six weeks to two months and cost 10 to 20 guineas plus a few pounds for provisions and a gratuity for the captain. Every voyage seemed to begin with storms, varying in violence according to the descriptive powers of the writers. The lure and promise of America was so great that travelers claimed they could detect its presence when still far at sea. "We had fine weather, with a gentle breeze. . . . The air was richly scented with the fragrance of the pine-trees." So wrote young Andrew Burnaby in 1759. He was still more than 100 miles from Virginia.

These travelers were unhurried. They zigzagged from one plantation house or tavern to another, taking a year, or even two years, to get from Charleston to New York. The typical Englishman journeyed with his personal servant, who carried his fowling piece and clothes. He often had friends or relatives to visit, or former schoolmates at Eton, Oxford or Cambridge. He could expect to wind up his visit with going-away parties in his honor in New York or Philadelphia, a form of entertainment in which the colonists excelled. Or he might marry an American heiress, as did Sir William Draper and a number of other titled sportsmen.

Who were these travel writers? Sir William was a retired military hero, who prided himself on his skill as a rackets player. Lord Adam Gordon was a genial young Scottish nobleman, a fishing enthusiast. Andrew Burnaby was a divinity student. Janet Schaw, author of *The Journal of a Lady of Quality*, was a middle-aged Scotswoman who accompanied her brother and three young cousins to North Carolina. Others who kept journals or diaries or wrote memoirs included an engineer, a physician, a notorious gambler, a postmaster, a merchant trying to collect money owed his father, a recruiting sergeant, a cricket player, several officers and a number of impostors who fabricated accounts of their adventures from the works of genuine travelers.

"We caught much good Fish of sorts not known in Europe," wrote Lord Adam Gordon, sailing on the Gulf of Mexico near the west coast of Florida in 1764. Arriving at Pensacola he noted, "The Bay is magnificent. . . . Fish I never saw in more abundance, or better." In Charleston he felt at home. When Francis Nicholson became governor of South Carolina in 1720 he quieted the unrest in that colony and began importing stallions to improve the breed. (While governor of Virginia in the 1690s, Nicholson instituted annual prizes to be given "to those that excel in riding, running, shooting, wrestling and fencing")—perhaps the first organized sports program in America.) The Charleston Jockey Club, the first in the world, was organized in 1734, some 16 years before the Jockey Club was founded in England. The Charleston club languished, but another was formed in 1758 with an imposing membership of Carolina horsemen. Among them were statesmen, professional men, plantation owners, men of distinction who a few years later

would be involved in the Revolution, but the name most familiar to English sportsmen of the time was that of Edward Fenwick. Fenwick accomplished little on his own account, but his family in England owned Maatchem, one of the three horses (the other two were Eclipse and Herod) that rank as the foundation sires of all thoroughbreds. A pioneer transatlantic commuter, Fenwick regularly traveled back and forth between Charleston and London. In the plantations around Charleston there were at least 20 owners who were importing and breeding thoroughbreds—Ravenel, Huger, Drayton, Izard, Middleton, Nightingale, Pinckney, Williamson, Moultrie. These people, wrote Lord Adam, were courteous, polite and affable. "Almost all of them, first or last, have made a trip to the Mother-Country. . . . they are more attached to the Mother-Country, than those [living in] the provinces which lie to the North-ward."

On race days a solemn stillness lay over the streets of Charleston. It looked like a city that had been deserted after a natural disaster. Meetings lasted four days. The races—usually matches between two horses—were generally decided by best two of three four-mile heats, with half-hour rests between them, or two-mile heats, with 15-minute intervals. The first heat was run at noon, after which spectators went to lunch, where they pondered their bets for the next heat. It was possible for an English traveler at a Charleston track to wager on a horse he had previously backed at Ascot or Newmarket in the old country. On March 16, 1773, for example, Flinnap, imported in 1772, raced against Little David, unbeaten in 16 starts, with £2,000 at stake. (The purse for the first Derby at Epsom Downs in 1780 was 1,075 guineas.) Flinnap won, taking the first four-mile heat in eight minutes, 17 seconds, and then distanced Little David in the last heat, whereupon he was sold at auction for £300.

Moving on to Virginia, a traveler could count on a friendly reception, if he could find his way. "Directions are, if possible, more perplexing than the roads themselves," wrote Thomas Anburey. The traveler asked some farmer for the right road and the farmer rattled off such guidelines as take the right-hand path, come to an old field; cross that; there's a road with three forks; keep to the right-hand fork for half a mile; come to a creek; cross that and turn left; come to a tobacco house where a road forks; keep to the right-hand fork and come to a tavern where the owner will give further directions.

If the traveler did find a tavern it was likely to be crowded. One Daniel Fisher, a Williamsburg innkeeper, riding from Virginia to Philadelphia, wrote in his diary that he arrived at a tavern at 10 in the morning. It was thronged with "a number of Planters at Nine Pins." He rode on, and at three o'clock came to another tavern, surrounded by "a great number of people at Nine Pins." Everybody in America seemed to be playing at ninepins. It was doctrine in England that in the American South, at least, no one did anything except bowl, play cards, fish, ride to hounds, race horses and gamble. A planter rose early and began the day with a drink of rum, water and sugar. It was believed to prevent malaria. Apparently the only reason for rising early was to drink the concoction. The planter then made the rounds of his plantation on horseback, listened while his overseer told him what his slaves were doing and rode back

continued



Quarterhorse racing, the first distinctively American Colonial sport, dates from the earliest settlement at Jamestown

to the plantation house for another julep and breakfast at 10, after which he played billiards or whist until dinner at two. Then he slept, visited or rode. Lord Adam wrote of planters with carriages drawn by six fine horses—bred from thoroughbred stallions and native mares—carrying people over the good Virginia roads at eight or nine mph. It was not uncommon to visit a plantation 60 miles away for dinner.

Plantation-hopping was much more agreeable than going from tavern to tavern. Moreover, any reasonably civilized travelers with "no other Recommendation, but their being Human Creatures" could "depend upon being received with Hospitality." Great houses like that of Colonel Randolph on the James River had built-in hospitality: it was constructed in the shape of the letter H, with the family living quarters on one side and rooms for visitors on the other, so that they did not have to pay any attention to each other unless they happened to meet in the central parlor between the wings.

A visitor was on his own. He could sleep, read, hunt, fish or rise early and join the fox hunters. It seemed almost all English travelers rode to hounds, but in the colonies the sport never acquired the organization and formality it had in England. Still, the riders were often so numerous that they streamed over the adjoining plantations like marauders. Old Landon Carter of Virginia, who was growing increasingly critical of the British government, took a strong stand against fox hunters. His neighbors paid no attention to his complaints, so he sat up late expressing his bitter



continued

feelings in his journal. "Yesterday whilst I was at Colo. Tayloe's," he wrote on a cold December night in 1714, "my low grounds were alive with fox hunters . . . my fences all pulled down, Cattle drove out of their wits and the wenches obliged to Climb the trees."

A distinguished visitor such as Sir William Draper stood out among the miscellaneous travelers whose names their hosts had difficulty remembering.

Sir William was a gloom-ridden individual, age 49 in 1770, described by a political opponent in England as possessing "the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration." In his earlier years Sir William led a force that captured Manila from the Spaniards, and accepted the promise of a ransom of a million pounds in return for not pillaging the city. But the Spanish government refused to pay. Disappointed in his effort to persuade England to force the collection of the money due him, Sir William became involved in a war of correspondence with that unknown political genius who wrote under the name of Junius, and inspired some of the most seething of Junius' letters.

Unintimidated, Sir William tried to respond with equal wit, but, after a few letters, was persuaded to visit America instead. In the New World he strained Anglo-American relations by his political pronouncements and his belief that he could beat anybody in the country at rackets. In New York there was a mechanic who was so expert a player that he claimed to be able to beat anybody at the game with one hand tied to a wheelbarrow. That is all that is known about him. Even his name has been lost. He lives in history, in-

The clear air impressed British hunters who returned to London to breathe "the smook of this stinking town."





In the mid-18th century, Philadelphia boasted an exclusive fishing club, whose membership consisted of 16 men and 16 women.

so far as there is any Colonial sports history, because people wondered if he could really beat Sir William despite his handicap. The impending encounter of these two egomaniacs became the first of many such subjects of speculation among sports followers.

Race week in Williamsburg was the major sports event in the New World and the biggest social event in Virginia. With an influx of 4,000 guests from all over the colony, the population of the town tripled. Thoroughbred horse ownership was almost too commonplace to be commented on by visiting Englishmen. Colonel George Washington owned and raced horses. He also contributed each year to the subscription purses at Williamsburg, Alexandria and Annapolis and was a steward of the Alexandria course, accepting entries and settling disputes. The leading owner, however, was John Baylor, who kept nearly 100 horses, many of them imported, at his plantation, which he called Newmarket after the English course.

Baylor made his reputation in 1764 when he bought a big, powerful grandson of the Godolphin Arabian named Fearnaught. The total cost to import him, including shipping, was £289, 5 shillings, 6 pence. Until Diomed was imported after the Revolution, Fearnaught was perhaps the most important sire in the colonies. Baylor's chief rival was Colonel John Tayloe II, an intimate friend of George Washington (though Tayloe disapproved of the Declaration

of Independence), whose estate, Mt. Airy on the Rappahannock, had a private racecourse. There Tayloe trained his mare Jenny Cameron, which he bought in England, and homebreds Traveller and Yorick, two of the best-known horses in America.

Washington made small bets all his life, carefully recording wins and losses in his diary. By contrast, in England, Robert Pigott thought nothing of betting £5,000 on a single race. Pigott was famous for having bet the son of Sir William Codrington that Pigott's father would outlive the elder Codrington, a wager that excited much interest, since Pigott's father was already dead, a fact of which the son was unaware. (The courts ruled that it was a valid bet, and Pigott had to turn over 500 guineas.) Being accustomed to this sort of traditional silly English behavior, travelers were somewhat condescending about the staid behavior of American horsemen. True, a physician named John Ferdinand Dalziel Smyth, well dressed and of superior bearing, informed the locals that they need not be ashamed of their sport. "Very capital horses are started here," he wrote in a two-volume book on his travels in America, "such as would make no despicable figure at Newmarket." Unfortunately, Smyth was really an indentured servant in disguise.

The boom in thoroughbred racing in the settled regions along the coast drove quarterhorse racing into the backlands. In the late 18th century fashionable people ridiculed

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this distinctively American sport, which originated in the first settlement at Jamestown. The road between the settlement and the governor's plantation had a quarter-mile straightaway, and on Sundays following church people raced their horses there. After a century of breeding for these sprints, the Virginia horses developed what an English observer called "astonishing velocity."

The best contemporary account of a quarter-horse race was written by Thomas Amburey, who happened upon one near Charlottesville, Va. These were always match races, often followed by a prizefight and attended by tough backwoodsmen. A convenient stretch of level road no longer sufficed; instead, two parallel paths, about 20 feet apart, formed the track. At a quarter of a mile no English horse could beat the American-bred animals. They were trained for an instantaneous start, while English horses required "some time before they are able to get into full speed. . . . It is the most ridiculous amusement imaginable," Amburey concluded, "for if you happen to be looking another way, the race is terminated before you can turn your head."

Lord Adam Gordon, easily pleased as he was ("Their Cyder far exceeds any Cyder I ever tasted at home") was particularly impressed with Virginia. "Upon the whole, was [it] the case to live in America, this Province, in point of Company and Climate, would be my choice in preference to any, I have yet seen." He forgot he had said much the same thing about the country around St. Augustine, Fla. only 12 pages before. "The Women make excellent Wives . . ." he went on about Virginia, "and what is remarkable in a Stay I have made of near a Month in the Province—I have not heard of one unhappy couple." He may not have looked very hard. Nor did Lord Adam look very long at lower-class life.

Daniel Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress and an authority on Colonial society, has written, "No historian has yet discovered a satisfactory record of the lives, thoughts, and feelings of the lower classes in colonial Virginia." One reason was the violence that surged through life at this level, which offended English travelers. In their prizefights "the lower classes display such barbarity as fully marks their innate ferocious disposition," was a typical expression of the visitors' disdain. "An English boxing match, though a disgrace to a polished nation, is humanity itself, compared to the Virginian mode of fighting."

There were three categories of prizefighting in the colonies. In the first, biting was permitted in addition to the normal fisticuffs, kicks and wrestling. In the second, both biting and eye-gouging were allowed. In the third, biting and eye-gouging were supplemented by an activity that Amburey could hardly bring himself to mention, since the objective was to castrate one's opponent—"if I may so term it) Abeldaring each other." When the rules had been set and the contestants had agreed on how far they would go in maiming each other, "they instantly fall to, and after some little struggling, seize upon their adversaries with their teeth."

No English visitor actually provided an eyewitness account of such a match. There were references to one-eyed giants around backwoods taverns, the survivors of these battles, and of fights between slaves. (In a later generation Tom



Molineaux was given his freedom for having beaten a slave from another plantation who was a dangerous bully. Molineaux went to England, where in 1810 he fought Tom Cribb for the championship of England before a crowd of 25,000—a winning fight for Molineaux until trickery by Cribb's seconds undid him.) The fights welled out of travelers' reports as sudden discordant revelations of the violence underlying a peaceful world. They were inexplicable and monstrous, crippling, even terminal, evoking terror partly because of their contrast with the pleasant existence around them. When the Revolution began, it evoked much the same response from English observers, who seemed to be totally unaware that the actions of their own government might have been a precipitating cause. They saw the Revolution as a perverse eruption of hatred in a natural paradise. "Pity these infatuated people cannot be content to enjoy such a country in peace," wrote Lord Harris, who led British troops at Bunker Hill.

The country grew more peaceful as the traveler left Virginia and approached Philadelphia. An Englishman extolled the Potomac as "one of the finest rivers in the world. I suppose I saw thousands of wild ducks upon it." Another traveler was taken with the Susquehanna in Maryland, where



The chief attractions of the regattas on Virginia's tidewater

"we saw an amazing number of wild ducks and canvasbacks on it. I'm told there's delightful shooting here." One March day in 1775 a young physician named Robert Honyman, riding from Maryland to Philadelphia, crossed a mill run near the village of Rock Hall. Honyman wrote, "I must mention a thing which will be looked upon as exaggerated or altogether fabulous, yet it is a most certain truth." Looking down as his horse stepped into the water, "I observed the fish to flounce & jump among my horse's feet & several threw themselves ashore & could scarce get off again; I rid up & down the Run & still found them in the same abundance, though the run was so shallow, they were obliged in many places to swim slanting on their sides. . . ."

"The City of Philadelphia is perhaps one of the wonders of the World," wrote Lord Adam Gordon of the metropolis of 24,000, the second-largest English-speaking city in the world. "One will not hesitate to Call it the first Town in America, but one that bids fair to rival almost any in Europe." Quaker boys played marbles, ran footraces, skated, swam, fished, shot rail and reed birds, sailed and had rowing races, but avoided fistfights if possible. There was a running track of sorts around a city square, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and it is possible the

first interscholastic races in the country were run there. A quiet and thoughtful boy named Samuel Lewis—a youth with "great gentleness of manners"—was sent north to the peaceful city by his Virginia father, and in footraces about the square he beat everybody in the local academy. Then races were held with the best runners of other schools, and Samuel won them all, too.

Before racehorse meetings in Philadelphia the bell ringer went through town asking people to keep their dogs tied. Otherwise they chased the horses on the racetrack, marked off with ropes, that ran around Centre Square. Philadelphia was a latecomer in the Colonial thoroughbred racing boom though there had always been horse racing there despite an ancient decree against "races, either on horseback or on foot . . . or needless and vain sports and pastimes, for our time passeth swiftly away." William Penn had been an athlete in his youth, and haunted the track at Newmarket before he was converted by the Quakers. In the celebrated treaty with the Indians, in which the land ceded was that which could be covered on foot in a day and a half, a relay of swift runners was organized and they covered far more country than the Indians had expected to sell. They believed the agreement referred to the land one man could cover in a day and a half's walk. The ruse was considered a clever one, though one runner fell in a creek and drowned.

In early Colonial times Philadelphians galloped down *Sassafras Street*, which gradually became *Race Street* because so many people broke the law by racing there. Land speculators held races outside the city to attract crowds to their sales and there were races at country fairs, too. A diarist wrote, "The country people were thick along the road. . . . Young beaux on race horses—the girls putting on all their airs and graces to captivate, so that it was hard to find out which made the deepest impression on the young fellows' minds, horses or women."

Philadelphia did not go in for thoroughbred racing in a big way until after its success in New York and Maryland. Colonel Benjamin Tasker, whose *Belair* stud in Maryland still exists, stimulated intercolonial rivalry when he imported *Selima*, a daughter of the Godolphin Arabian. In 1752 *Selima* defeated four Virginia horses for a purse of 500 Pistoles. Bred to *Othello*, another import, she produced *Selim*, who after six unbeaten years "was excluded from the races, as no competitor would start with him." When Sir Robert Eden was governor of Maryland (1769-1776), he owned a fine bay horse, *Why Not*, a son of John Baylor's *Fearnaught*, and Eden not only raced in meets in his own province and Virginia but sponsored the series of intercolonial races that began in 1769 and continued until the Revolution.

An assessment of these races was made by William Eddis, who wrote to an English correspondent from Annapolis in the fall of 1771, "In this remote region the phantom pleasure is pursued with as much avidity as on your side of the Atlantic . . . surprising as it may appear, I assure you that there are few meetings in England better attended, or where more capital horses are exhibited." Eddis continued, "In America, the mild beauties of the autumnal months amply compensate for the fervent heats of summer and the rigid severity of winter. Nothing could exceed the charming serenity of the weather during these races, in conse-

continued



72 were wagering and the gals postrace balls.

quence of which there was a prodigious concourse of spectators and considerable sums were depending on the contest of each day."

In the spring of 1773, when relations between the colonies and England were becoming critical, Washington and Governor Eden visited Philadelphia for the races, and attended a meeting of the local jockey club. Washington found himself in his element and dined almost nightly with the members during his week-long stay. The most prominent of the Philadelphia horsemen was the financier Robert Morris, whose silks were seen at races in New York as well, but the most interesting was Jacob Hiltzheimer, a stolid breeder and trainer who kept a diary for 30 years. A shrewd judge of men as well as horseflesh, Hiltzheimer decided to align himself with the colonists when the Revolution began. He set up stables for Washington's cavalry, bought horses, doctoring sick animals and at night methodically noted racing news in his diary. He kept it from 1768 until 1798, but somebody borrowed the volumes for the years covering the start of the war and they have never been seen again.

Every morning, in the days before the Revolution, the soldiers of Otway's regiment paraded down the streets of Philadelphia, bands playing. Their uniforms were the most colorful male costume seen in the city; the sober Quakers still wore dark, plain clothing. It was a prank of the young British officers to pretend that they were really girls, and on

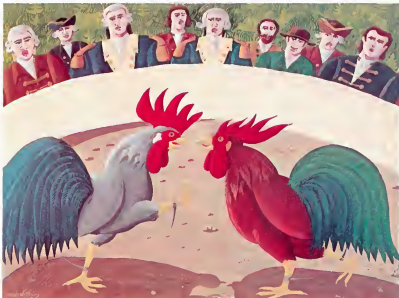


costumed

their sprees to invade a coffee house and embrace some solemn, dignified Quaker, whose belief in non-violence prevented any retaliation. Nonviolence did not prohibit sarcasm, and Philadelphians considered themselves masters of cutting remarks.

The incursion of high-level horse racing into the life of the city of peace had an unsettling effect on some Philadelphians. William Hockley, for instance, was a thoughtful, quiet, inconspicuous member of a well-to-do family, who normally had little interest in the sport. But he was subject to periods of mental derangement during which he had brilliant fantasies about his non-existent triumphs on the turf. At such times he was transformed from a solitary observer at a tavern to a center of attraction. He imagined himself to be a famous sportsman who had won races on all the tracks between Savannah and New York, and he held his listeners transfixed as he improvised imaginary contests, imaginary horses, winnings and finishes, all with such authority that his audience was compelled to believe him, even while most of its members knew he had never raced a horse in his life.

Of him, Alexander Graydon wrote, "His vivid conceptions supplied him with a stud; and he would run over the names of his horses and their pedigrees, descanting, as he went along, on the respective merits of his riders with astonishing volubility and with a gaiety and sprightliness of manner, that even Garrick, if he could have equalled, could



Cockfighting took place *sub rosa* in New England, was thought improper but winked at in New York and thrived in the South

not have excelled." There was something eerie about Hockley's imaginary racehorses; they seemed for the moment more real than those that ran around Centre Square. But then, suddenly, he became himself again, the dream horses and the gallant victories disappearing until, when the next mood struck him, he might come up with an entirely different stable of imaginary progenitors and their even more striking descendants winning still more thrilling races.

English travelers had a hard time understanding Philadelphians. They came to the city knowing only one of its famous citizens—not Benjamin Franklin but Benjamin West, the artist who had become a favorite painter of George III. West was also famous in London because of his skill on the ice. During the London winter he dazzled spectators with intricate figure skating, which, he explained, was known back home as the "Philadelphia Salute." It became so fashionable to watch him that many of his commissions for portraits in London came from admirers of his performances on skates. It was common belief in the city that Philadelphians were the best ice skaters in the world, more elegant than the masters of Amsterdam or Boston. The champions were General John Cadwalader, a member of one of the oldest families, and Charles Massey, a biscuit baker—equals in the bracing winter democracy of the ice. That was the sort of thing visiting Englishmen could not comprehend.

In Charleston or New York they felt at home. In Philadelphia they never knew what to expect. If they went to

Boston, they tried to get away as soon as possible. One of the travelers' tales was that in Boston a thoroughbred dealer had to sneak his prize stallion out of the city—"Otherwise they would have Kill'd him for Horsing a mare on the Lord's Day." This jest must have been good for many a guffaw in London clubs, for it was repeated in one travel book after another. A diary by an unknown visitor, dating from 1747, related the hardships encountered in trying to find something to do in Boston. One Sunday evening about six o'clock he walked to the harbor to look at a ship that had fallen from its cradle as it was being launched. It was the only thing he could find in the way of entertainment. But even this was too high-spirited for Boston: the traveler was threatened with jail for such frivolous behavior on the Sabbath and "I was Escorted to my Lodgings by 3 Constables at my Arse."

The first recorded ball game in Colonial America was reported to have taken place on Christmas Day, 1621. Governor Bradford had given some young newcomers to Plymouth a day off from their labors because of the holiday. Returning from his own work at noon he found them—"lusty yonge men, and many of them wilde enough"—playing stoolball. This was a forerunner of cricket, with an upturned three-legged stool serving as the wicket. Bradford sent the ballplayers back to work.

Edward Taylor, a New England preacher, included innumerable references to games in 217 devotional poems he

continued



Virginia boasted three kinds of prizefighting, permitting, in order of severity, biting, eye-gouging and "Abelarding."

wrote during his years as a preacher in West-field, Mass., one of which includes the line: "... mine Head's a Bowling Alley. Sins play nine-hole here." Nine-hole was a game like croquet, except that the balls were rolled rather than knocked, and dropped into holes rather than passed through wickets. Taylor also referred to kit-cat, nine-men's morris, noddly, one-and-thirty, fox and geese, put, prisoner's base and other pastimes so obscure no one today knows how they were played. One popular game in New England was known as Last Couple in Hell, which began with a man and woman standing on a base. They were in Hell. From there they tried to trap and capture others and put them in Hell, too. It was a game with moral, not to speak of Freudian, overtones. Everybody ended up in Hell. The most feet-footed protector of his virtue could only congratulate himself that he had not gone to Hell quite as soon as the other sinners.

Stoolball was played in New England on the eve of the Revolution, as was rounders, a predecessor of baseball in which a runner was out when he was hit between bases by a thrown ball. Cricket was established as a popular sport in England after 1744, when Kent beat All-England, 111 to 110, in the first match for which a complete scorecard is preserved. British officers built a cricket grounds in Boston, for their private amusement. The British had little use for the local populace. Their diaries are full of references to morose, long-faced, unsmiling people, sanctimonious, hypocritical, deluded, self-righteous, disloyal and possessed by a love of money that led them into smuggling and evasion of taxes. They ridiculed the many New England laws governing conduct, alleging that a sea captain might return home after a long voyage and be clapped in the stocks because he kissed his wife on the street on Sunday when she ran to meet him. In relating such strictures they forgot there were then some 200 offenses for which a man could be hanged in England, including consorting with gypsies. Yet it was true, as Jane Mesick wrote in *The English Traveller in America*, that visitors reported never seeing schoolboys playing games or enjoying the hunting and fishing that travelers reported in the South; it would not be an exaggeration to say that the silence of New England made them uneasy.

New York was always more hospitable than Boston. When the British took New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664, one of the first acts of the governor, Richard Nicolls, was to establish a racecourse outside the city, the first in America, not far from where Aqueduct was built 230 years later. One of the earliest English travel books on America was Daniel Denton's *A Brief Description of New York formerly Called New Netherlands*, published soon after the British moved in. It was also the first account in English of New York State. Denton was enthusiastic about the abundance of fruit found on Long Island. Wild strawberries were so plentiful that in June, when they ripened, the fields suddenly turned red. "Which the Country-people perceiving, instantly arm themselves with bottles of Wine, Cream, and Sugar ... and every one takes a Female upon his Horse behind him, and so rushing violently into the fields."

New Yorkers and Englishmen might have been even more



continued

friendly had it not been for some of the royal governors appointed to the colony. According to some reports, Governor Slougher died suffering from delirium tremens, Governor Fletcher was notable only for his friendliness to pirates, Lord Cornbury dressed in women's clothing and caroused in New York dives. "Of all the fatuous rascals who tried to rule the American colonies," wrote Louis Wright in *The*

Colonial Civilization of North America, "Cornbury was one of the least attractive and most avaricious." Royal governors were better behaved in the pre-Revolutionary period, but New York was known as a wide-open town even to Englishmen familiar with Soho.

There were a number of racecourses in the city—one in Greenwich Village, one on a farm in the area that became Times Square, one in Harlem and the most celebrated, the Bowery Lane course, was the stud farm, stable and private track of James De Laney, the most glittering figure in Colonial American racing history. A street on the city's Lower East Side bears his family's name.

De Laney was born in 1732 in the New York mansion that later became famous as Fraunces Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers, and last January was damaged by a bomb planted by Puerto Rican separatists. He was educated in England and grew up as a typical English sportsman of the upper class, except that his estate was 3,000 miles from London clubs. He was an enthusiast of cockfighting, producing a breed which he believed could defeat any other in the world. Inheriting enormous wealth, he added to his fortune when he married a daughter of William Allen, a rich Philadelphia sportsman. His sister married Ralph Izard, a leading Charleston horseman. A cousin, Susanna, married Sir William Draper when he finally arrived in New York after his tour of the colonies.

At his private track De Laney raced against the horses of a number of exalted sportsmen, including William Alexander, who was known as Lord Stirling. The House of Lords rejected Alexander's claim to the title, and threatened to arrest him and force him to march around the Houses of Parliament with the word *impostor* on his back. But Americans accepted the title. De Laney also raced his best imported horses, Lath and Wildair, in Maryland and Pennsylvania. In New York his principal rival was Lewis Morris Jr., a political as well as a racing opponent. For generations the De Laney family had pitted itself against the Livingstons for the political dominance of New York, and Morris was allied with the Livingstons. He was also an American patriot who became a signer of the Declaration of Independence, while the De Laney family became the most aggressive of the loyalists. In the heat of their struggle Morris changed the pattern of American racing. He probably was the first owner to employ a professional trainer and jockey. De Laney replied by spending fortunes importing better mares, including the Cub mare, known as "the grandmother of the American turf," superior even to Kitty Fisher or Selima and, in the words of the *American Stud Book*, "one of the most valuable mares ever imported into this country."

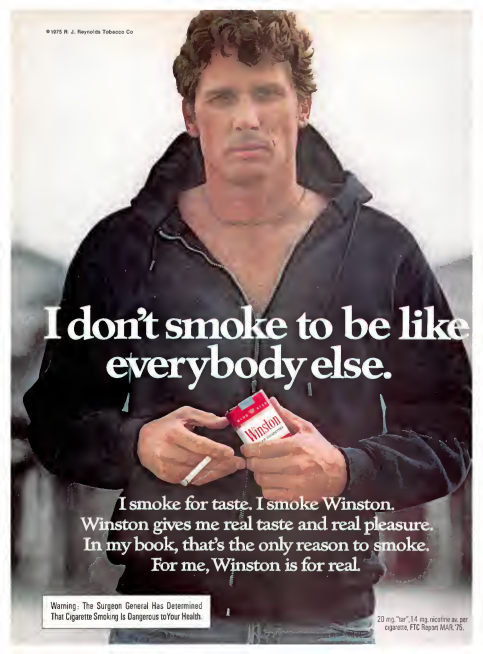
So racing in New York had a political cast from the start—even the names of the horses. One of the most famous of all

continued



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Colonial races was a match between True Briton and Old England. A. W. Waters, a resident of Long Island and owner of True Briton, a Maryland-bred horse, issued a challenge to "any horse in America." It was accepted by John Leary, the trainer of Morris' horses, running his own recently imported Old England. Leary was offended by the boastfulness of the challenge and its "illiterate, unsportsmanlike terms." The match itself was anticlimactic. True Briton won easily, distancing Old England in the first heat. Equally anticlimactic was the ending of the De Lancey-Morris rivalry. On the eve of the Revolution, De Lancey sold most of his horses at auction and sailed for England, taking Wildair with him. The American government seized his property, which was sold to 275 separate owners. Morris' stables were burned by loyalists.

The rackets match between Sir William Draper and the New York mechanic "who was so astonishingly superior to other men" was also something of an anticlimax, if only because the mechanic was not handicapped by a wheelbarrow. They may have met at a tavern called The Sign of the Hurlers, not far from De Lancey's stables, where there was "a very fine Tennis-Court." The mechanic won but had "urbanity enough to cede the splendid stranger some advantages," and even in winning he "put on the appearance of doing it with difficulty." Sir William was not disgraced by the defeat.

Except for a few visitors like Sir William, who had inflexible loyalist convictions, most of the travelers had a degree of sympathy for the colonists. But it would be going too far to say that they believed, as did the Virginia botanist John Mitchell, that if the colonies had "been described in a just and true manner in all circumstances of climate and soil, errors which have been made might not have happened." The ordinary English tourists and sportsmen did not think in such terms; for the most part their political observations were incidental to their search for adventure and excitement. But they nevertheless wanted to bring to their readers at home the sense of a boundless America, or at least a world in which the problems of the moment were dwarfed by the limitless expanse of wilderness beyond the settled country.

An air of enchantment was generated by the unknown. In 1562, Jean Ribault published his account of the region near what is now Hilton Head, S.C.: "We entered and viewed the country thereabouts, which is the fairest, fruit-fullest and pleasantest of all the world, abounding in honey, venison, waterfowl, forests, woods of all sorts. . . ." When the first settlers landed at Jamestown in 1607, they found "the ground all flowing over with faire flowers of sundry colours and kinds, as though it had beene in any Garden or Orchard in England." In 1736 Mark Catesby brought back to England his marvelous paintings of native American birds, animals, trees and flowers to show how the dominions were "adorned in every part with an Inconceivable Variety of Beauty and Magnificence."

Magnificent it was, with a lonely, exhilarating grandeur in sharp contrast to England's cities. There was the clear air, which travelers remembered when they got back to London and breathed "the smook of this stinking town," and



there was the fresh water so pure that fish could be seen swimming in its depths. Jonathan Carver, who explored the Great Lakes in 1766-67, made many mistakes in his geography, and left questions about where he had really gone, but there is an unmistakable authenticity to his account of canoeing along the north shore of Lake Superior: "When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upward of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stones on the bottom. The water at this time was as clear as air, and my canoe hung as if suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively and not find your head swim." Carver worked for nearly 10 years as a hack writer in London before he could get his book of travels published, and then it was too late, the Revolution had begun.

In the early days of the war, when Englishmen still believed a few malcontents would be quickly subdued, some portion of the lure of the wilderness persisted. Ambrose Serle, secretary to General Howe, commander of the British forces, walked alone on Staten Island one evening, and wrote in his diary of "the wild unbroken Country, which though it does not enchant, gives the Sense a kind of pleasing Melancholy." Looking over the rocks and rivers of New York, climbing the heights that Washington's army had left, Serle reported that General Howe remarked that the scenery was finer than the finest in Italy and added for his own part that it was "the most romantic landscape the imagination can conceive."

Few of the travelers, sportsmen or military men, were professional writers. It was only here and there, in unadorned and awkward phrases, that they evoked their feeling of wonder at what they saw. Sometimes they summoned up a scene by the light of a fire in the woods: "The wolves howled loudly, but all was well with us, and our hearts were full of thanksgiving to the Saviour." Sometimes they depicted a peaceful settlement, as the one described by a solitary horseman riding along the Shenandoah at dawn: "... a light fog covered the Valley, resembling transparent gauze, through which appeared the tops of trees, houses and cabins, the chimneys already smoking. I observed the squarrels were early awake."

Affection, if not love, pervaded these works, as well as the awe that F. Scott Fitzgerald related when he wrote of the first American visitors: "For a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." The travelers' appreciation of Americans was compounded of misimprint, interest, superiority, admiration and fellow feeling, a sense of a common humanity in the brooding wild that was still not inhospitable to mankind. This feeling was best summed up by Andrew Burnaby, the sweetest tempered and most perceptive of the travelers, who wrote, "America is formed for happiness."

The vision of a fair and almost flawless land disappeared with the first battles, the peaceful settlements and the friendly people vanished from books as though they had never existed. Even the word Yankee, previously thought to have been derived from a mispronunciation of the Dutch name

continued

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for English settlers, Jan Kees (John Cheese), was discovered to be a corruption of a Cherokee Indian term, *cawkee*, meaning coward. The landscape became a wasteland, as Janet Schaw wrote: "All seems dreary, savage and desert; and was it for this that such sums of money, such streams of British blood have been lavished away? Oh, thou dear land, how dearly hast thou purchased this habitation for bears and wolves."

A different kind of writer appeared to survey the American scene. The high-living sportsmen who had once followed the horses at Newmarket or gambled at Brooks's or rode to hounds with great packs amused themselves as well as they could in occupied Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Captain Banastre Tarleton, then famous as a cricket player, was the son of the mayor of Liverpool and had made the game popular in that city. He was a gentleman jockey, a stocky, powerful figure in London nightlife when he was only 21. His reckless companion was George Hanger, a trainer and gambler, the author of scurrilous books, an authority on dog training and debtors' prisons, a student of crooked card tricks that he incorporated into a work on eminent gamblers. Their crimes included Major John André, an artist and theatrical producer later hanged as a spy after the discovery of the treason of Benedict Arnold, and Oliver De Lancey, a cousin of the New York horseman. And there was Lord Rawdon, one of the most active sportsmen in England, who brought his horses and dogs with him in the same spirit with which Bargoine brought his fishing tackle.

They shared the belief of Captain Glamville Evelyn, who wrote in his diary that the rebels "are the most absolute cowards on the face of the earth . . ." They were sure the war would soon be over. Sir James Murray was certain he would be back duck shooting in Scotland within a year, commenting that in fashionable conversations in Philadelphia, Washington and his army had hardly been mentioned for two months. "The subject . . . is a bore," Sir James added. In 1776 Lord Rawdon wrote that the rebels were already defeated. At that time, as a modern British historian has pointed out, "Not a single province or township had its civil administration in Loyalist hands; outside New York the British army held not one single square mile of soil on the mainland of the northern and central colonies."

And yet the military sportsmen tried to continue the life they had known in England. In occupied Boston they converted Dr. Sewall's meeting house into a riding academy where they exercised their horses. Bargoine wrote a farce, *The Blockade of Boston*, ridiculing the rebel army. During a performance genuine shots were fired outside the theater. When a sergeant rushed in shouting, "Turn out! Turn out!" everyone laughed, thinking it part of the play. In occupied Philadelphia, André, Rawdon, Tarleton and De Lancey congratulated themselves that they were a part of the most brilliant social season the sober Quaker city had ever known. When Howe was relieved of his command they prepared an elaborate entertainment, with a regatta and a parade of boats on the river, massed bands, a tournament and an exhibition of horsemanship, a dinner, a ball and fireworks that cost thousands of pounds. "Our



Enemies will dwell upon the Folly & Extravagance of it with Pleasure," Ambrose Serle wrote in his diary.

In New York they raced thoroughbreds on the track outside the city, renaming it Ascot. Rebels stole the prize stallion True Briton, who wound up in Springfield, Mass., where he became the grand sire of the breed known as Morgans. The British did not discriminate between

the property of rebels and loyalists, Tarleton taking for his personal mount a horse that belonged to Sir Peyton Skipwith of Virginia. André and De Lancey produced plays in a Philadelphia theater, putting on Shakespeare as well as contemporary comedies. The fancifulness of the plays and the pleasures of hunting mingled with the realities of war. A German officer wrote in his diary: "Early after watch parade I . . . shot six birds, but so completely lost my way in the thickets that I was badly scratched. Attended the execution of a deserter."

In 1780 Tarleton and Hanger were in South Carolina leading desperate raids to capture horses for the cavalry—the ships taking their horses south were lost in a storm—and they still believed the rebels were defeated up to the time Cornwallis surrendered. Soon Tarleton had become infamous even in England for his attacks on helpless soldiers and unarmed civilians. One of the objectives of the raids was the thoroughbred Flinnap, retired to stud on the estate of Major Isaac Harleston. The stallion was safely hidden in the woods, but the raiders seized other valuable horses, and captured a groom from Harleston's stables. He refused to tell where Flinnap was hidden, and was hanged. Cut down when the raiders rode off, he recovered and took Flinnap into a remote area of North Carolina until the war ended.

When Tarleton returned to England, an anonymous publication called *The Jockey Club* described him thus: "Col. T—t. When this gentleman first returned from America he thought to make a sudden and durable impression on the minds of his countrymen by an incessant relation of his extraordinary achievements. . . . His countrymen were less sensible to his merits than he imagined. They did not listen with that attention or admiration that the gallant Colonel expected. The exploits of a pandour, a partizan, are ranked in the lowest degree of military merit."

The spirit that had infused the books of wide-eyed British travelers had vanished from that island of great travel writers. They had produced no masterpieces; there was nothing in their factual works as real as the imaginary journeys of Lemuel Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe. But they had helped to create a familiarity with the everyday life of the colonies that in itself was a factor in making the war, when it came, less destructive than it would have been without their works. As Andrew Burnaby said in his *Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America*, published in London just as the Revolution began: "My first attachment, as it is natural, is to my native country; my next is to America; and such is my affection for both, that I hope nothing will ever happen to dissolve that union. . . ." The union was dissolved, but one cannot read the words of this sturdy and sympathetic observer without feeling that the quality of his hope, at least, was indestructible.

END

MY KINDA GUY, YOUR KINDA GUY, A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME, A GREAT AMERICAN...

The bee-ootiful celabs had met in the Immortals' Lounge to honor the Sportaman of the Cantury, 18thwise

by FRANK DEFORD

It was the night of the special Bicentennial Awards Banquet, and before the ceremonies began, the members of the All-Time Old-Time Sportsmen's Club began to assemble in the Immortals' Lounge of the Cloud of Fame. Bobby Jones came in and joined Babe Ruth and Strangler Lewis at the bar. Of all the members, the Strangler looked least comely in wings. "The usual," Jones said to the bartender, who was Bud Abbott.

"Sure, Jonesey," Abbott said. "Who's on first?"

"I don't know," said Jones, giggling.

"No, he's on second," Abbott said, and everyone roared. Albie Booth digging a friendly elbow into Goose Tatum's ribs. The Cloud of Famers always had fun times here together. Ty Cobb and Babe Didrikson were wrist wrestling over by the jukebox. George Gipp put his Irish Mist down and went over and played A-8 on the Wurlitzer. It was the Notre Dame fight song.

"For God's sake, Gipper," Gentleman Jim Corbett called out from back in the corner, where he was shooting the breeze with Maureen Connolly. "Can't you ever play anything else?"

"That's the truth," Clyde Beatty hollered. "Hey, sweetie, when's the live entertainment start tonight?"

"Gladys'll be here soon," answered

the barmaid, who was Texas Guinan. From over at their regular table, Jim Thorpe, Josh Gibson and Grover Cleveland Alexander signaled her for another round of doubles. Walter Johnson joined them, ordering a Shirley Temple for himself. As he sat down, The Big Train had to move quickly to escape the falling body of Barney Oldfield, who was getting the stuffing knocked out of him by John L. Sullivan.

"Hey, Bud, I can still lick any man in the house!" Sullivan roared, stepping up to the bar and blowing the foam off his beer. Oldfield limped away, bloody. Actually, he got off easy. You should have seen the mess Sullivan made of Pop Warner last week.

Tex Rickard had come up with the idea for the Cloud of Fame, and got Stanford White, who had designed the original Madison Square Garden, to take on the job. White leaned heavily on the traditional Toots Shor neo-jock decor for the Immortals' Lounge. Autographed glossies ringed the walls (sample: "To Tex and Stannie, two real sports—Always a good time and a good drink. Your pal, Amos Alonzo Stagg") and the ashtrays, shaped like hockey nicks, were collector's items. All drinks at the bar were half price at Happy Hour, and the menu, made up in the shape of a boxing glove, leaned heavily toward steaks, with mut-

ton chops the chef's specialty for the 19th century crowd. For those few late, great Americans who had been accepted into the Cloud of Fame, the Immortals' Lounge was as nice a place as there was in all of heaven.

Across from the bar there was a raised platform, ingeniously constructed to look like a pitcher's mound, *continued*



Cloud of Famers: 1) Roosevelt, 2) Sullivan, 3) Revere, 4) Franklin, 5) Robinson, 6) Didrikson, 7) Connolly, 8) Barr, 9) Tilden, 10) Rockne, 11) Henry, 12) Thorpe, 13) Landis, 14) Washington, 15) Jones, 16) Ruth, 17) Stengel.

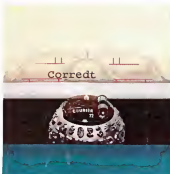


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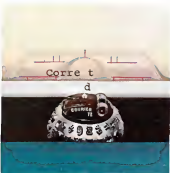


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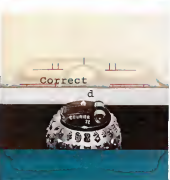
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and on it was an organ; presently Gladys Gooding arrived and began to play. Babe Ruth, who was trying to toss a peanut down Annie Oakley's front while chugging a beer, burped, and there was generally a lot of grousing as the crowd came to its collective feet. "Hell," said Jack Johnson, who was throwing darts with Walter Hagen and Dr. James Naismith, "why can't we ever have some live entertainment that knows something besides *The Star-Spangled Banner*?"

"... And the home of the brave," Gladys finished, and everybody sat back down. "I'm going to take a little break," she said, "but you're a wonderful audience, and I'll be right back."

Thorpe, Alexander and Gibson ordered another round of doubles. Big Bill Tilden came in with little Snapper Garrison, who had paused outside to give sugar lumps to Man o' War and Dan Patch. George Gipp went over to the juke box and played A-8. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis got a boost from Pudge Heffelfinger, scrambled up onto the bar, and took a hand hike. Earl Sande unplugged the juke and Judge Landis called the meeting to order. "O.K., Cloud of Famers, we've got a fantastic agenda and, hey, we've got some outsize surprises, and so, without further ado, let me turn the show over to a dear friend, a great American, an inspiration to each and every one of us, a legend in his own time, the chairman of our New Members Committee, will you give him, please, the same wonderful welcome you gave me? Here he is now, Knute Rockne!!!"

To wild cheers, the Rock moved to the standing microphone by the organ. Everybody loved to have Rockne around the Lounge, especially after a couple of margaritas, when he did his great Pat O'Brien imitations. "You're too kind, you're too kind," Rockne said, acknowledging the cheers. "And now I have the great honor of introducing our newest Cloud of Famer. He's a household word, you all know him, a legend in his own time, will you make him feel right at home, the one, the only, Mr. Charles Dillon—call me Casey—Stengell!!!"

There were shouts and cheers as Stengell came in, ushered by John McGraw. In response Stengell took off his cap, and a little angel flew out.

"Too-riffic, Case, too-riffic," Rockne said. The judge said there were going

to be some surprises, and he wasn't just whistling Dixie—right? O.K., now it's my pleasure to turn the mike over to a man who needs no introduction, a legend in his own time, will you join with me, please, in giving a big hello to our entertainment chairman, Mr. Wrestling himself, Strangler Lewis!!"

Strangler took the microphone. "Thank you, Rock. God bless, God bless. You're always a treat to work with. Now, a date for each and every one of you to circle on your calendar: next Tuesday, the 27th. The Connie Mack Roast over at the Cherubim Club. It's for a good cause, and we've got a dy-NO-mite head table lined up: Ed Sullivan, Dizzy Dean, Jack E. Leonard and a host of greats and near greats. And now, Judge"—and the Strangler waved over to the bar—"I'm throwing it right back to you and yours."

"Thank you, thank you, Strangler," the Judge said. "You're a beautiful slice of human being. And now, moving right along. It's Bicentennial time, and we decided to do our bit. We've got 20th century members of the Cloud of Fame and 19th century members, but no 18th century superstars. Now, to rectify that situation, here he is with our monster Bicentennial salute, the president of the Old Angels Committee, a dear friend of mine, a legend in his own time, will you welcome, please, the one and only, Mr. Biliards, Willie Hoppe!!"

Hoppe grabbed the standing mike and waved to the Judge. "Thank you muchly," he said. "We had so many beautiful Bicentennial candidates that we decided to give some special awards. Tonight everybody's a winner at the Cloud of Fame. It's kinda like playoffs. All right, people. First, from Boston, Mass., a stud you've heard so much about, a great clutch artist, a rider par excellence, a legend in his own time, here he is—one if by land, two if by sea, but always No. 1 in your hearts—Paul Revere!!"

Revere ran out, and Hoppe hugged him as applause rained down. Hoppe had to hold up his hands and whistle. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," he said. "We're running late, so I'm going to have to ask you to hold your applause until after I've named all the special awards. O.K. Thanks much." John L. Sullivan knelt Jackie Robinson. Grover Cleveland Alexander beckoned Texas Luman over

and called for another round of doubles. "Let's sprinkle the infield one more time, sweetie," he said.

Hoppe resumed: "Next, from the heart of Dixie, Hanover County, Vee-a, a guy you know as a world-class speaker, but who is also a consensus All-East fisherman, a legend in his own time, here he is, will you meet and greet, Mr. Freshwater: Patrick—Give-Me-Liberty-Or-Give-Me-You-Know-What—Henry! Patty, greet to have you with us."

Henry ran onstage and took the microphone away from Hoppe. "At a penultimate moment near the veritable climax of this salutatory occasion I, judgmentally verbalizing, desire solely to..."

"Just my luck," Roberto Clemente said to Casey Stengel. "At last I get to meet Patrick Henry, and he talks like Howard Cosell."

"That's nothing," Stengel replied. "I met John Adams the other day, and he looks like Yogi Berra."

"Bee-ootiful sentiments, Patty, gorgeous," said Willie Hoppe. "Spoken like a true speaker. And now, last but not least among our special awards, here's a little guy who hails from New York, New York, a real player who proves the old saying about how it's not the size of the man in the fight, but the size of the fight in the man, a legend in his own time, Mr. Big with a gun, will you all, please, meet and greet... Aaron Burr!! Burr came running in, dashed over to Revere and Henry and slapped their outstretched palms.

"Bee-ootiful, Aar, memorable," Hoppe said. "And now, before we give our bolfo award for Sportsman of the Century, 18thwise, we shouldn't forget our scribes and golden throats. And so, to present a special press award, here's a guy we know and love, a credit to his profession, a legend in his own time, the unforgettable Clemm McCarrhyyy! Come on up, Clemm!!"

McCarthy, binoculars around his neck, clambered onto his table, knocking Bill Vukovich's drink into Little Bill Johnston's lap. "Mmmm, thank you, Willie," McCarthy began. "And mmmm, it's a beautiful, mmmm, evening for this, mmmm, first running of the 18th century Sportsman awards. Mmmm, the winner of the first press award, mmmm, is a, mmmmmmm who needs no, mmmm, introduction:

continued

mmmm, statesman, diplomat, inventor, mmmm, all-round Renaissance dude, mmmm, you may also be surprised to learn, mmmm, that he not only swam the Thames River in London, England in mmmm, 1724, but wrote the, mmmm, first textbook on swimming in, mmmm, America. Coming on now, mmmmm, a great American, mmmm, originally from Boston, mmmmm, Mass., who later called Phully home, here he is, mmmm, in person mmmm, Ben Franklin!"

Dr. Franklin came skipping in, Jean Harlow on his left arm, Isadora Duncan on his right. On the way to the microphone he pinched Babe Dedrickson and winked at Maureen Connolly over in the corner, drawing a baleful glance from Gentleman Jim. When the applause died down, he said, "I'd just like to say first of all that I wouldn't have come, except that I thought Eleanor Holm was already here. . . . But seriously, folks, this is a terrific honor for me and my loved ones, and I always remember that time is money

because little strokes fell great oaks. Right? Right. And I'd just like to say that God helps them that help themselves, and if you can't play a sport, be one. Right? Right. And remember—plough deep while sluggards sleep, and never forget, sportsmen, that the biggest room of them all is the room for improvement. Right? Right. You're all my kind of people!" And he blew some kisses.

'Rave, Benne, rave,' Willie Hoppe said, "and *muchas gratias* to you, too, Clemmie. And now, to present our first Bicentennial Sportsman award, here's a luminary who needs no introduction. Not only a charter member of the Cloud of Fame but a U.S. of A. chief executive in his own right. You know already—a legend in his own time, the man who put the oomph in environment, God bless it, and took the mayhem out of football, my kinda guy, your kinda guy, here he is, back by popular demand, Mr. Rough Rider himself, the immortal Teddy Roosevelt!"

T.R. came sprinting out, dressed in his Spanish-American War uniform. He hugged Willie Hoppe, lifting him right off the platform. "Bully, bully, bully!" he cried. "They broke the mold after they made this one, didn't they?" And he put two fingers in his mouth and whistled while signaling for applause with the other hand. The place rocked for Hoppe before Roosevelt finally was able to begin again. "Well, I can see by the old clock on the wall that we're running late, so let's pass on first down. Ready now. Here's our winner!"

"And what a blue-chipper he is. At 6'2" and better than 175, a heavyweight from the word go, one of the baddest dudes in all 13 of the—count 'em, 13—colonies, here's a guy who could throw a coin in any league, a guy who was at home at a racetrack as well as in the hallowed halls of Congress, an ace card player and a stud that both polls ranked as the No. 1 fox hunter in the colonies for 16 straight weeks. Also, leave us not

remembered

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We build Hy-Gain Citizens Two-Way radios and antennas so people can hear what you have to say.

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We took the things you said and engineered them into

This new kind of car was developed for those people who wanted the economy and maneuverability of a small car, but did not want to sacrifice comfort and ride.

It is available in two versions: Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volaré.

To give you a big-car ride, we invented a new suspension.

This new kind of small car called for a new suspension. So, our engineers invented an Isolated Transverse front suspension (Patent Pending). It's truly unique. Road shock is kept as far away from the driver and passengers as possible.

For greater quiet, we engineered two noise-reducing systems.

Most people take noise for granted in a small car. But not our engineers. They developed two special sound systems. A sealing system that minimizes wind noise and an insulation system that reduces road noise.

Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volaré are roomier than many larger cars.

We reserved smallness for the outside. Our sedan models offer more total headroom and legroom than many bigger cars. The two-door coupes seat five passengers, comfortably. The four-door and the station wagon models seat six, comfortably.

There was no small-car scrimping on comfort.

Getting in and out of some small cars can be a problem. In these cars, our engineers developed wide door openings that make it easy. There's even an optional seat that gives the driver a greater amount of comfort adjustment than conventional seats, and also in two-door models a pull-strap seat-back release that lets you get in and out of the back seat using only one hand.

Plymouth Volaré and Dodge Aspen are designed to make it easier to see the road.

We evaluated the relationship between the driver, the steering wheel and the seat to put you in a comfortable position to see the road, and large windows and windshield make it even easier to see.

Aspen and Volaré achieved E.P.A. rated highway mileage of up to 30 m.p.g.

According to official E.P.A. estimated mileage results, Aspen and Volaré with Slant Six engines and manual transmissions got 30 on the highway and 18 in the city with their wagon models, and 27 on the highway and 18 in the city with their coupes and sedans.* We did this by designing the shape to reduce wind friction. Then we reduced weight to about a thousand pounds less than a full-size car. That all helps increase economy. Of course, your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and optional equipment.

*In California, see your dealer for E.P.A. mileage figures for California equipped cars.



were important in big cars a new kind of small car.

Plymouth Volare and Dodge Aspen are covered by The Clincher.

This means that for the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of your 1976 Dodge Aspen or Plymouth Volare we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. Of course, the owner is responsible for normal maintenance such as changing filters and wiper blades.

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These new small cars are offered as a 2-door coupe, a 4-door sedan and a 4-door station wagon—in several versions. Our new-size wagon weighs up to 1,200 lbs. less than some bigger ones. That means you'll save gas and even though it's two feet shorter than a full-size wagon, you can carry 92% as much weight and up to 76% as much bulk. Compare what you can carry with competitive wagons.

SIZE	LENGTH OVER ALL	TOTAL LOAD CAP	CUYD CARGO SPACE	PAS-SENGERS
FORD COUNTRY SQUARE	18.8 ft.	1,200 lbs.	94.6	6
CHEVETTE WAGON	18.0 ft.	1,100 lbs.	85.1	6
OUR NEW WAGON	16.8 ft.	1,100 lbs.	71.9	6
PINTO WAGON	14.9 ft.	850 lbs.	57.2	4

They're even easy to service.

We included all of our electronic advances. That means you can forget about replacing points and condensers. And, under normal driving conditions, there is no recommended transmission maintenance.

We wanted you to be able to order the options you wanted.

Many small cars are limited in the number of convenience options you can add. Ours can take all the important ones. For example, air conditioning engineered to provide comfort levels comparable to larger cars, power seats, power windows, electric door locks, tilt steering wheel, 4-speaker stereo, sun roof, power steering, power disc brakes, 50,000-mile battery, Sure-Grip axle, 4-speed manual overdrive transmission.

The price may be the biggest surprise of all.

You will find it hard to believe that you can get so much car, so much value for such a low price.

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Aspen at your Dodge dealer's. Volare at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. See them now.



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forget that he is, next to the legendary Paul Brown, the only guy with an NFL team named after him. Who else but? Our Bicentennial Sportsman, a legend in his own time, here he is, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of sportsmen, the coach of our country, will you welcome please, everybody's All-America, George Washington?"

Washington came out, bowed, shaking his head in modesty at the acclaim. He wore a large button on his lapel that said VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS. The whole crowd, except for Jim Thorpe, Grover Cleveland Alexander and Josh Gibson, rose to its collective feet, and Teddy Roosevelt embraced Washington and rubbed his head affectionately. It took minutes before the room quieted down enough for Washington to speak. "I don't want to talk long because it's late, and to tell you the truth, which you know I always do, my teeth hurt," he began. "But let me just say that this is a tremendous honor for me and my family, and I want to extend to each and every one of you a great big king-size Mount Vernon thank you."

Then he accepted his plaque from Teddy Roosevelt and took the seat next to Ben Franklin. The crowd came to its collective feet again and began chanting, "You're No. 1, You're No. 1," thrusting forefingers in the air. Texas Guinan came over and asked, "Can I get you boys anything from the bar?"

"I'll have a hot buttered rum," Washington said.

"Make that a deuce, hon," Franklin said.

Judge Landis climbed back up on the bar and said, "Thank you all for coming out tonight. You've been beautiful. And now, to close our ceremonies, will you bring back, please, our No. 1 draft choice at the console, Miss Gladys Goodding." To more applause, Gladys tripped in and took her seat.

"Here's my personal favorite, dedicated to the nicest people in the world, Y-O-U know who," she said, and began to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* once more. Groaning, the crowd struggled to its collective feet. Washington, Franklin, Revere, Henry and Burr looked around in confusion. "Do they always rise to their collective feet whenever she plays that?" Washington asked.

"Beats me," said Franklin.

AND

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THE TWELVE
DAYS
OF CHRISTMAS



Casey, R. H. C.

by EDWIN B. KANTAR.

On the first day of Christmas your true love may have given you a partridge in a pear tree, but I can't afford that, so I am going to give you a bridge hand, followed by 11 more. You can sample one a day through the holidays or try them at one sitting—it's up to you. The good news is that you will not make any poor bids because this quiz is on play; the bad news is that the hands are tough. They are graded in order of difficulty—five points for each of the first three, 10 for the next three, 15 for the next four, 20 for the first of two double dummy problems and 25 for the last. Turn to page 86 for the solutions.

CONTINUED

MOBY



SOUTH



CONTRACT: 6M West's opening lead is the king of clubs. What is your plan of attack?

NORTH



SOUTH



CONTRACT: 6H The opening lead is the nine of diamonds, East playing the six. Plan the play.

NORTH



SOUTH



CONTRACT: 3C After the jack of hearts is opened, how do you go about making your slam?

2



CONTRACT: 3NT West leads the two of hearts. East wins the ace and returns the four of hearts, West playing the five. How do you proceed from there?

3



CONTRACT: 6N You open three hearts and your partner sets you down gently in six. After a two of diamonds opening lead, how do you bring home the slam?

4



CONTRACT: 6D After West overcalls one spade, you and your partner wind up in a small slam. What do you do following the opening lead of the queen of hearts?

6



CONTRACT: 6S West leads the jack of clubs. What line of play gives you the best chance to land your slam?

7



CONTRACT: 4S The opening lead is the four of hearts. What is your best chance of bringing home this ugly slam?

8



CONTRACT: 3NT You win the opening spade lead with the king as East plays the discouraging deuce. What do you play from your own hand and dummy at trick two?

10



CONTRACT: 6C You bid a club, West overcalls a diamond and your partner leaps to game. West leads the four of hearts, you rise with the ace and East signals violently with the jack. How do you play?

11

NORTH	
♠	A K 5 4 3 2
♥	A K Q 4 3 2
♦	2
WEST	
♠	A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5
♥	8
♦	4 3
EAST	
♠	4 3
♥	Q 7 6
♦	J 10 9 8 7
♣	7 6 5
SOUTH	
♠	2
♥	J 10 9
♦	6 5
♣	A K Q J 10 9 8

CONTRACT: 7C In this first double dummy problem, West leads the eight of hearts against your club grand slam. How do you make the hand against best defense?

12

NORTH	
♠	2
♥	J 6 5 4 3
♦	K Q 2
♣	K 8 7 6
WEST	
♠	A Q 10 9
♥	A Q 10 9 8
♦	J 9 8
♣	J
EAST	
♠	K 8 4 3
♥	K 7 6
♦	10 7 6 5
♣	10 5
SOUTH	
♠	J 7 6 5
♥	A 4 3
♦	A Q 9 4 3 2

CONTRACT: 6C Another double dummy hand. West leads the jack of clubs. Can you make your slam? Note: If you lead a spade, East will rise with his king and play his remaining trump. Good luck.

THE ANSWERS

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ K 6 4 2	▲ J 10 9	
▲ A 7 6 5	▲ A Q J 10 2	▲ 8	
▼ 2	▲ A	▲ K 5	
▼ 7 6 4 3		▲ 6 7 5 3 2	
▲ K Q 10 9			
SOUTH			
▲ 3			
▲ A J 3 8 9 6 4 3			
▲ 9 6			
▲ J 4			

Your plan should be to first lead up to the king of spades before taking the diamond finesse. In the first place, 1975 has been a very bad year for finesses. Secondly, you increase your chances twofold.

By leading a spade before a diamond you make the hand anytime West has either the ace of spades or the king of diamonds. By leading a diamond first you only make the hand when West has the king of diamonds. If West has the ace of spades you will be able to discard your losing diamond on the king of spades.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ K Q J 10	▲ 9 6 7	
▼ 6 5 4	▲ K J 4 2	▲ A 10 6 4 3	
▼ 3 6 5 2	▲ Q 9 4	▲ Q 6	
▼ 9 7 6		▲ 6 3 2	
▲ K 7 6			
SOUTH			
▲ A J 2			
▲ A 5			
▲ A 10 5 3			
▲ A J 10 5			

South starts with eight sure tricks, four spades, two diamonds, one heart and one club. He makes the hand if he can either guess the location of the queen of diamonds or plays East for the king of clubs.

The best bet is to combine chances. Cash four spades, discarding a diamond, and then play the ace and king of diamonds. If the queen has not appeared, run the nine of clubs. Playing this way you are able to make the hand if either the queen of diamonds drops or East has the king of clubs.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ A 6 6 5	▲ K Q 10 2	
▲ J 9 7 3	▲ A 9 3 2	▼ 4	
▼ 5	▲ A 3 9	▲ K 10 7 6 5	
▼ J 9 6 2		▲ Q 8 4	
▲ 7 6 3 2			
SOUTH			
▲ 4			
▲ A Q J 10 6 7 4			
▲ 4 3			
▲ K 10 5			

Win the ace of diamonds. Lead a heart to the king and whether or not they divide, play a spade to the ace, ruff a spade, enter dummy twice more in hearts in order to ruff the two remaining spades.

With the hand stripped, toss out the diamond. Whoever wins will either have to lead a club, obviating the guess in that suit, or give you a ruff and a sluff.

Taking the diamond finesse at trick one means 1) you are greedy and 2) you will have to guess the clubs if it loses.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ J 7 6 2	▲ Q 6 5	
▼ A 3	▲ A 4 3 2	▼ 10 6 7 4 2	
▲ K 10 9 4 3	▲ 4 3 2	▲ 7 6	
▼ Q J 9	▲ 5	▲ 10 8 4	
▼ 5	▲ K J 7 6		
SOUTH			
▲ A			
▼ K 6 5			
▲ K Q J 10 9 6			
▲ A Q 5			

Playing West for at least five spades because of his bid, you can avoid the dreaded club finesse (finesses never work in quizzes). Win the lead in your hand (mandatory), cash the ace of spades and play two rounds of trump ending in dummy. Ruff a spade, go back to the ace of hearts, ruff another spade, ruff a heart and play the jack of spades. East will discard and so will you—the five of clubs. West wins but is end-played.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ A K Q 4	▲ J 6 5 3	
▼ Q 9 6	▲ A	▼ 10	
▲ K J 8	▲ A Q 7 6 3	▲ K 6 3 2	
▲ 9 6 7 5 4		▲ 10 6 3 2	
▲ J 6			
SOUTH			
▲ 10 6			
▲ A 7 5 4 3 2			
▼ Q J 10			
▲ K 9			

The trap here is playing ace and a heart too quickly. If West started with K, J, 10, K, J, 8 or K, 10, 8, he will grab his king and play a second diamond, forcing you to ruff with dummy's queen, establishing a second trump trick. Better to enter your hand with a club and lead a low heart, intending to play the queen if West ducks. Assuming West does have three hearts, his best play is to win and play a second diamond. Ruff in dummy, cash the queen and if the trump suit does not break, play two top spades, ruff a spade and draw the last trump.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ K 10 2	▲ J 7 6	
▼ A Q 10 7 4 3	▲ K	▲ K J 9 6 5	
▲ A Q 3		▲ 10 5 2	
▲ 3 9 7 1		▲ K 6	
SOUTH			
▲ A Q 9 8 3			
▲ 4			
▲ A Q 7 4			
▲ 8 5 4 2			

Count your tricks: you have one club, one heart and three diamond tricks off the top so you need seven trump tricks.

If you can ruff a minor suit card with dummy's deuce of trump and a heart with the three of trump you are home! Then you can make your A, K, Q of trumps separately for five trump tricks and you still have the 10, 9, 8 of trumps between the two hands from which you can surely get two more tricks. This is how it works:

Trick one, ace of clubs; tricks two and three, king of diamonds, ace of hearts; trick four, heart ruff with three of spades; tricks five and six, ace-queen of diamonds, discarding clubs from dummy; trick seven, club ruff with dummy's deuce of trump; trick eight, heart ruff with queen of spades; trick nine, club ruff with king of spades; trick ten, heart ruff with ace of spades; trick eleven, diamond ruff with ten of spades. South's last two cards are the 9, 8 of spades so you cannot lose more than the jack of spades.

Perhaps you are wondering why you ruffed a club at trick seven rather than a diamond with dummy's deuce of trump. There is a very good reason—there always is. It is far more likely that East has at least two clubs than four diamonds.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ A 10 4 2	▲ 6 5 3	
▼ A 3	▲ A K 10 2	▼ Q 6	
▼ J 9 6 6	▲ Q	▲ J 9 6 4	
▲ 10 8 7 6 3 2	▲ A Q 7 6	▲ 9 3 2	
▲ 8 5			
SOUTH			
▲ A Q J 9 6			
▼ 7 5 3			
▲ K			
▲ K J 10 4			

There are only two possible lines of play. The first is to hope that West has both the queen and jack of hearts and insert the ten at trick one.

This isn't too appetizing as West might have led the queen with both the queen and jack. The second line of play is more appealing. Win the ace of hearts, draw trumps, run the clubs, cash a second heart and lead a diamond. If the player with the ace of diamonds started with either one or two hearts, he will be forced to play a diamond upon winning the ace. This will allow you to discard your losing heart while ruffing in dummy.

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	▲ 7	▲ 6 5 3 2	
▼ J 10 9 6	▲ Q 2	▲ A 2 2	
▲ K 6 4	▲ K 2 6 4 2	▲ 6	
▼ Q 10 9 7	▲ K 7 6 3	▲ Q 10 9 6 5	
▲ J 2			
SOUTH			
▲ A K Q 4			
▼ 10 9 6 5 3			
▲ A 5 3			
▲ 4			

Start something



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Or anything else you have in mind.

Wolf Schmidt
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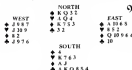
Play a low diamond from both hands! Your object is to take four diamond tricks while still retaining an entry to your hand so you can take your spades when you wish.

Anytime diamonds divide 3-2 or the queen is singleton you immediately have your four diamond tricks. The reason for your double-ducking play is to protect yourself against an ugly split of four diamonds to the Q-10 in the West hand.

Notice what happens if you lead a low diamond to the jack and it holds. If you return to your ace of diamonds, you must cash your spades or you may never see them again. Now when you try to establish your fifth diamond the opponents can take five tricks, one diamond, three hearts and a spade.

Notice the difference when you duck a diamond completely. Somebody wins and returns a club, which is as good as anything. (Keep in mind there is no combination of hearts in the opponents' hands that allows them to take four heart tricks if they lead the suit first.)

Dummy wins the club shift, a diamond is led to the ace, East showing out. You cash your two remaining spades and take the marked diamond finesse through West. You now have nine tricks.



The problem here is that trumps might break 4-1, leaving you with both a trump and a spade loser. In order to cater to that contingency you must win the first heart in your hand (no credit unless you do) and play off your three high trumps, discarding either a spade or a diamond from dummy.

If trumps were 3-2 (dreamer), simply give up a spade and use the remaining spade to discard a heart in case that suit does not break 3-3.

However, if trumps are 4-1 you must avoid the spade loser. That can be done with the help of a little luck. Cross to dummy with a heart and take the diamond finesse (forget what year it is, this is a must finesse), cash the ace of diamonds, return to dummy with another heart (see why you won the first heart in your hand?) and discard your losing spade on the king of diamonds. Of

course, for this play to work you need the queen of diamonds with East and hearts breaking 3-3, but something is still better than nothing.



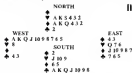
First of all, face it, you are in big trouble. Fortunately (because I just said so), nobody has doubled so you can play all out.

Win the ace of hearts and finesse the jack of spades. Assuming this holds, discard dummy's hearts on the ace-king of spades, ruff a heart in dummy, back to the ace of clubs, and if no king has appeared, ruff your last heart in dummy.

Now you are ready. Give up a club and hope it is to West. If that is the case he will have to lead from his ace of diamonds unless he has a fourth spade.

If he does have a fourth spade simply refuse to play bridge with him anymore, because, first, he overcalled on a four card suit and, second, he never seems to make a mistake.

Also, do not take any credit if you banged down the ace of clubs early. You needed that card as a later hand entry to ruff your last hearts and partially strip the hand. More important, you can't make the hand if you did that.



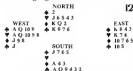
Dummy wins the heart lead and South races off five rounds of trumps, discarding four small hearts and a diamond from dummy. This is the position as a sixth trump is about to be played:



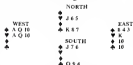
South plays the nine of clubs and discards a diamond from dummy. What can East discard? If East discards a heart, South cashes the ace of hearts, dropping the

queen, sheds his losing spade on a high diamond and takes the last two tricks with the jack of hearts and a trump.

If, on the other hand, East discards a diamond, South plays to establish dummy's diamond suit. The three top diamonds are cashed and a low diamond ruffed. The ace of hearts is the entry to the remaining high diamond.



South wins the ace of clubs, crosses to dummy with a diamond and ruffs a heart. Next comes the ace and a diamond to dummy in order to ruff a second heart. The stage is now set for a low spade play that East must win with the king in order to play a second trump. This is the position with East leading the ten of clubs:



South covers with the queen and West must find a major suit discard. If it is the ten of spades, South wins the club shift in his hand and ruffs two spades in dummy, establishing his jack.

If, on the other hand, West discards the ten of hearts, South overtakes the club queen with the king and ruffs two hearts in the closed hand, establishing dummy's jack of hearts for the 12th trick.

As you can see, West is caught in a very unusual squeeze position, but South must be in a position to win the trump return in either hand in order to bring off the final coup.

THE RATING GAME

- 150-125 No matter what anyone says, you're an expert
- 120-100 On the verge of greatness
- 95-75 You need a bit more experience
- 70-50 You need a lot more experience
- 45-20 Backgammon is also a game of skill
- 15-0 Tennis, anyone?

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In sports, everything begins with what you see.

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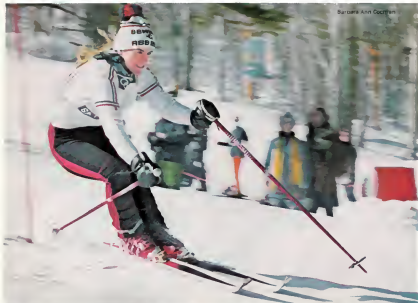
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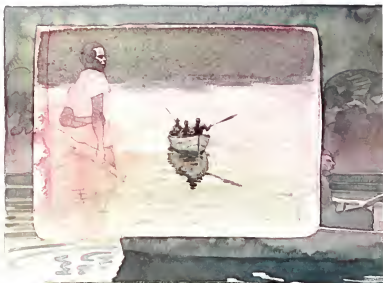
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The season inspires warm memories of an angling holiday at Christmas, when the Brown Trout Inn in Kenya was a haven for Englishmen far from home

by Nathan M. Adams

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Once there was a high and lonely place in East Africa where it was always October, a year-round harvest of crackling mornings and brilliant noons. Soft breezes of evening brought the smell of ice and bamboo from the slope of the mountain the Kikuyu called Kirinyaga to the lake which was located amid dense pines and giant fig trees. A few miles to the north the equator bisected the gut of the continent. Unlike the mountain, the name of which meant House of God, neither the lake nor its name, Sasumua, was of any significance.

At dusk clouds of *ephemeroptera* drifted over the quiet water like puffs of dun-colored smoke and the stillness was broken by the slurp and splash of feeding trout. With such an abundance of insect life and the natural cover of weed beds and log falls, brown and rainbow trout existed there in great numbers. None were junkers. But they were respectable.

The trout is not native to Africa; they did not arrive on the continent until 1892, when the first brown trout eggs were transported from Britain and hatched in South Africa's Cape Province. In 1905 they came to Kenya.

It was Major Ewart (Cape to Cairo) Grogan who worked the miracle. Grogan was a folk hero of some note in East Africa, his renown based largely on an epic 7,000-mile trek he had made from Cape Town to Cairo. It was the era of settlement in Kenya, marked by the arrival from England of hundreds of adventurers in search of free land far from the queues and clutter of Oxford Street. Among them were men like Grogan, former Guards officers-turned-gentlemen farmers.

Africa's empire builders suffered two stigmas. One was a touch of madness; the other, a case of homesickness. For a squire of any sort of taste, trout were as much a part of the England he had left behind as tea and sympathy. Civilized survival depended on the presence of both. Thus, Grogan knew where duty lay.

It was a problem of logistics first solved by a soldier, a combined operation of sea and land forces. The eggs first arrived in Mombasa by steamer. Amid great fanfare they traveled inland via the recently completed rail link to Nairobi. The final stage of the journey was made atop the heads of sweating porters who safaried into the Aberdares and seeded the eggs and fingerlings in likely streams.

Four years later, in 1909, a survey showed that the experiment was a success. The eggs had hatched, the fingerlings survived and multiplied. As word leaked out, a fad of trout fishing swept the colony. Farmers deserted their lands and families to don knickers and tweeds and batter through the thickets to the pools. Pipe smoke mingled with the odors of the forest; curses and cries of joy joined the shrieks of the Colobus monkey.

No one strayed far on these expeditions without the protection of a heavy express rifle. Besides rhino and elephant the Aberdares were infested with Cape buffalo, a larger and far testier breed than its plains brothers. In the close quarters of the forest they reacted to surprise with the power and speed of a trip-hammer. To be ambushed by such a creature was a terrifying experience—and often fatal.

While Grogan delivered the trout, the tea and sympathy would later be provided by the Brown Trout Inn (what else?), a bungalow of thatched-roofed cottages built on a hill

above the Sasumua, an hour's hike from the most productive streams. It was a settler's inn, far from the beaten path. So isolated was the Brown Trout and such were its surroundings that a gingerbread house would not have seemed out of place.

There were neatly barbered lawns and hedges, flagstone walks and "The Buttery" tearhouse. Snooker and darts were in the bar. So were caricatures by Spy that portrayed lean and comical Englishmen at sport. Here a Kitchener might sip a shandy after exertions afield. And Cecil Rhodes could tell outrageous tales before a roaring fire. So there was this about the Brown Trout: it was a time capsule. And a lonely settler could enjoy a game of let's pretend—"let's pretend we are in Sussex-by-the-Sea."

But Africa lay just beyond the threshold, as far as the eye could see. The escarpment overlooked the Great Rift Valley, which slashes down the continent like an open wound from the Red Sea to the borders of Rhodesia. The Rift bakes. But on the escarpment it is cool, chilled by an altitude which, at dawn, is higher than the clouds.

Of all times in the year the Brown Trout was the busiest at Christmas. No reason why except for one: to be in England for the holiday, to smell plum pudding and a roasting goose, to touch home wicket, if ever so briefly. To such a place, then, came Dowle and I to fish, hard upon a Christmas Eve 14 years ago. Those were times of uncertainty in Kenya. The Mau Mau emergency was only five years ended and independence was not far off. One wondered if Christmas present was not already the ghost of Christmas past.

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen. . . . We stowed the rods and the gear and drove north from Nairobi under a high, noon sun. The smell of grass came through the air vents of the Land Rover, and it made you feel young again—dim childhood memories of a fresh-cut Montana hayfield, of alfalfa rotting after rain. That is the way of Africa. The smells, the explosive sunsets, noises in the night; somehow, it is *déjà vu*. You have been there before. But when? You are not sure.

On either side of the road there were fields of tea punctuated by patches of maize and yams. Hills of golf-course green rose and fell.

Abruptly, the land changed. The hills grew steeper and there were thick stands of pine on the crests. And then it changed again. One moment the hills were beside us; in the next they had vanished. It was as though the land itself had collapsed under us. Ahead, a thousand feet below, spread the Great Rift Valley, the jewels of Lake Nakuru, Lake Naivasha and Lake Elmenteta. The road plummeted down an escarpment. It was second and third gear all the way.

"I've never liked this bit," said Dowle, eyeing the canyons. Whenever the road banked, he inched away from the door. "It's instant sobriety," he added. But truly, the escarpment road was engineering of some magic, blasted and graded into the rock face as it was. It had been constructed in the war by Italians captured during their ready-aim-reload campaign in Ethiopia. When they finished with the road, they built a tiny chapel at the foot of the escarpment. No one seems to know why.

The chapel still stood. Forlorn, its windows long since

boarded shut, there was something uncomfortable about it—a place, perhaps, where demons met. The droppings of wild game littered the yard. Indeed, we surprised a giraffe which had been browsing on a nearby acacia. Chewing sideways, it watched us go. Deep in the bush behind the chapel you could see the flicker of tails as gazelles communicated their alarm.

We found the turnoff, and soon we were climbing on a dusty track. We pulled over when we reached the top to let the engine cool. A stake was there with a sign pointing south along the rim. SOUTH KINANGOP, it told us. Then, below, hardly legible: BROWN TROUT INN. The track was unbelievable. It might have been built for wagons. Maybe it wasn't there at all and we were imagining it.

Higher still. The Land Rover complained, breathing steam. Tall clumps of bamboo arched over the road, which now began to peter out entirely. We wondered if we had missed the turn. Surely there could be no inn amidst such wilderness. Dowle dismounted and walked up the track. He squatted and examined the ground as though looking for spoor. "No," he called back. "There's cars been here, all right."

We pushed on. A hundred yards farther someone had nailed the whitewashed silhouette of a trout to the base of a pine tree. Beyond this the track bent sharply. Lo and behold: sorcery. Like Alice, we had tumbled down a rabbit hole and discovered a new corner of Wonderland. We were

confronted by a broad expanse of lawn, stucco bungalows and shaded walks. A mixed group was playing croquet. Many of the men wore blazers and ties; the women were in print dresses. The impact was astounding. One next expected to see a giant caterpillar smoking his hubble-bubble pipe on a toadstool—the referee.

We parked the Land Rover and carried our dunnage to the office; polite hellos as we passed the game; the whack of mallet on ball; subdued applause: "Oh, well played, Jane." The office was a dark closet after the bright sun. There was an old man behind the desk, wearing a cardigan, an Arthur Treacher type. An enormous buffalo head threatened him from the wall and followed every move with dusty eyes.

We registered. "Would you be wanting tea outside or in the cottages?" the clerk asked. He was Scottish and his nose glowed with tracings of broken blood vessels. We told him to forget the tea and asked about the lake.

"You'll find a boat there," he said. "No charge, but mind the askari." He explained that there was poaching on the Sasumua. Local Kikuyu were dynamiting and seining the lake. So the inn had hired a watchman. "Of course, he's armed," the clerk emphasized. Dowle said he didn't like the sound of that.

We went to the cottages to unpack. Mine was furnished rustically. There was a huge fireplace; the bedding was of down. You could smell the faint aroma of woodsmoke. Soap

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MAMILLAN



Holmes, still wearing his deerstalker, was at the bar, poring through his fly book.

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and towels had been neatly arranged on the bed stand. In the medicine cabinet I found a discarded bottle of Chanel perfume. Not that I didn't appreciate Dowle's company, but there was something about the place that made you think about the women you knew and you wanted to know better.

Dowle and I rigged the rods in front of his cottage and set off down the path to the lake, which was about half a mile away. The trail was very steep, and we slipped and scrambled to keep our footing on the thick carpet of pine needles. The path ended on a wooded bluff above the lake. A rowboat was riding below. The water was a livid green and crystal clear. There was a marsh at one end, a small inlet, and insects were rising from the water in the late afternoon sun. The surface was calm.

Dowle sat down and opened his knapsack. He placed his fly boxes next to him. Then he produced a bottle of Riesling and a tin of Danish sausages. "Where on earth?" I asked.

"The bar," he said. He opened the tin and decanted the wine. "Merry Christmas."

The Riesling was ice cold. As we ate and drank, we eased the lake which appeared deserted at first. Then, in a far corner, I spotted a lone fisherman. He was casting from shore, beautifully, with short strokes of his arm, avoiding the branches with ease. The line arched and unrolled upon the water. A pause. Then up again. It was art. The flycaster was wearing a deerstalker cap. Sherlock Holmes. Dowle made an impolite comment.

There was a large trout cruising below us. He was outlined against the bottom weed and he moved aimlessly. Once he broke the surface. It was a heavy rise. The trout was six pounds if he went an ounce.

"Where is he now?" Dowle whispered.

"Just there," I said. "Right under us." Any plan of attack appeared hopeless. He was bound to see us the instant we moved. Then, suddenly, the trout spooked. It streaked into a weed bed.

"OhmyGod!" yelled Dowle. He was looking over his shoulder at what had disturbed the fish. The *askari* had arrived silently, his steps muffled by the pine needles. But the trout had managed to spot him. He stood not a yard away, his eyes riveted on the wine bottle. An old Greener shotgun was cradled in his arms. The forestock, split, had been wired to the barrels. The *askari* wore a tattered bush jacket, minus the buttons. His legs, skinny as a stick's, poked below huge arm-issue shorts. He was grinning.

"Chap's shattered," Dowle observed, recovering at last.

No question there. The heady fumes of *pombe*—a devastating home-brewed beer—wafted toward us like vapors from an open gas tank. The *askari* leaned the shotgun against a tree and squatted beside us. He examined the lake silently, just a fisherman among fishermen.

The *askari* pointed down at the rowboat. It was clear that he was offering to take us out. He tried to get his point across by pantomiming an oarsman, his arms flailing. Dowle, who had a firm grip on the language, having served in the King's African Rifles, asked him if he knew how to handle the boat. Oh, yes. More posturing with invisible oars for emphasis.

We struck a deal. For acceptable labors the *askari* would

be paid five shillings and three fish. If there were no fish, then three more shillings. We wondered how the Brown Trout would take to our moonlighting their watchman, and decided to say nothing about it. This way we could both fish. Mum's the word, we cautioned our new guide.

Dowle began to go through his fly boxes. He held each box right below his nose as though trying to smell his selection. They were English flies that he had bought in Nairobi for the trip. Most were outrageously colorful. He picked out a McGinty, a humblebee fished wet. It was an ancient pattern and as out of date as a Sopwith Camel, which it resembled. Old habits die hard. I decided to wait and look at what was coming off the water.

From the outset you could see there was going to be trouble with the *askari*. He drove the boat in circles, thrashing mightily at the water. We were soon caught up hard against a fallen limb. "This is not going to work out," said Dowle, ever the stern employer.

We decided to give the *askari* a thorough grounding in the craft of oarsmanship. He was a willing pupil once he mastered his over eagerness. After half an hour's instruction he was able to manage the oars. We decided to keep the maneuvers simple, just hold the boat 30 yards off shore and correct for drift. Across the lake Sherlock Holmes watched the lesson, fascinated.

By now I had a good idea of what was hatching. There was some action on caddis flies, sedges. But most of the attention seemed to be focused on a small olive-colored natural. I captured one and studied it. The tiny, segmented body flexed in my palm. I was careful not to damage the wings. It matched a size 20 Pale Olive Dun I had in a fly box, a pattern which kills them in Montana in the fall. I released the mayfly, somehow not wanting to interrupt the food chain. Ridiculous. Perfectly willing to eat a fat trout, I was squeamish about a mere insect. The ironies of a fly-fisherman, a nest of hang-ups. Are we all that way?

"Bob's your uncle!" bawled Dowle. He was into a fish that had been lurking under a log fall. And, from the bend of his rod and the sound of the reel, it was a heavy one. Good old reliable McGinty. Me and my home-tied Duns, gossamer leaders and Hardy rods. Sopwith Camel.

The trout flashed under the boat, heading for open water, taking line. Dowle crouched and let him go. He kept just enough pressure on to make the trout work for it. The fish jumped and fell back heavily. It was a rainbow, possibly four pounds, maybe more. The trout was the biggest Dowle had ever encountered, and he said as much between clenched teeth. I was worried about there not being enough line. Dowle had no backing. Luckily, the trout decided to sulk and think it over.

Confusion on deck. No longer able to contain himself, the *askari* was on his feet and whanging away in rapid Swahili. He had found the net and was making savage premature sweeps at the water. His excited gestures threatened to capsize the boat and I was sure that he could not swim a stroke.

"Get him off me," said Dowle, who was paining on the fish.

Easier said. There was no calming the *askari*. That was his dinner out there. Worse, trying to shift him to the bow away from Dowle would have been to invite disaster. I

continued

forced him back down to the seat, took away the net and demonstrated how to ease the net under the trout. "Pole-pole," I told him. Easy does it.

The rainbow jumped again. This time he was closer to the boat. He went deep, taking more line. The run forced the tip of the rod to the water, into it. The line hissed through the guides. Beads of water jumped from it. More advice in Swahili. I kept the *askari* pinned to the seat. But underneath his jacket his muscles trembled with anticipation.

Another run, weaker. Then the trout was just beneath us, fighting for equilibrium, and not making it. A slab of flank showed pink and silver. I had underestimated. The rainbow might go over six. And the he was a her, The bullet-shaped head was characteristically female. The spots on her back seemed to be the size of dimes. I felt a pang of jealousy. But God bless Major Grogan anyway.

The *askari* wrenched free. Horror-struck, I watched as he lifted the starboard oar high over his head and aimed a mighty blow at the trout. Typical of times of crisis, the action unfolded in slow motion: screech from the *askari*, oar sweeping downward, water detonating, leader parting, trout gone. Dowle made a futile grab for her. She sank. Then, with slow but powerful motions of her tail, she returned to the bottom. Momentarily I could see her outlined against the weed. She vanished. "Why didn't you do something?" Dowle sobbed.

"Like what?"

"Shoot him."

I laughed. Suddenly it was very funny. Vintage W. C. Fields.

"No," said Dowle. "I really mean it. Why didn't you shoot him?" He pointed at the Greener in the bow.

Briefly I thought he was being serious. Then we were both laughing. When you got down to thinking about it, I mean it really was hysterical. In a gallows sort of way. The *askari* was still holding the oar. He joined in, cackling with glee. Across the lake, Sherlock Holmes had stopped fishing. He was sitting on a log watching us, shading his eyes with his hand. He rose slowly, as with great disgust, and began to unpoint his rod.

From his sack—a true horn of plenty—Dowle now produced a silver flask. He had filled it with good Jameson's Irish Whiskey, and in the growing chill of the lake it burned in the stomach. The *askari* watched us pass the flask, narrowly. "Grog for the officers," said Dowle.

We continued fishing the banks. The little No. 20 Dive Dun fooled three fat rainbows, fine fish not over a pound each but scrappy. Then I took a good brown from under an overhang. He shook his head like a dog worrying a bone. While Dowle kept an eye on the *askari* I worked him carefully. He had become involved with the bottom weed and therefore felt heavier than he actually was. He came to the surface reluctantly, surly. Big underslung jaw. A cannibal smile of about three pounds. But it wasn't much of a fight. Rivers are the place for browns, not lakes. They are animals of cutbanks, the lees of rocks, the nooks and crannies of muskrat tunnels. They use them in the way a good counter-puncher suckers his opponent in the corners of a ring or along the ropes. A lake offers nowhere to hide.

The brown came obediently to the net, flopping against the mesh. I took him behind the gills and cracked his head

against the gunwale. It was an assassination. The *askari* stroked him, then put him into a jute bag in the bottom of the boat. I was just as happy not having to look at him.

Dowle took a nice rainbow, another. They were acrobatic. Between us we now had half a dozen or so trout, more than enough. The *askari* was getting sleepy and was having trouble with the oars. We told him to row across the lake.

Dowle ordered the *askari* to beach the boat. We paid him and handed over three of the trout. While he was thus occupied I quietly broke the Greener and extracted the two cartridges. They were LGs, buckshot. The *askari* was still drunk and I didn't feel like being peppered by a shooting spruce. Dowle gave him the flask for company, said we'd return. I said I didn't think that was a good idea, he'd had enough already.

"Only two or three sips left," said Dowle.

The *askari* did not seem displeased to quit this madness. He climbed up the bank and sat down on the pine needles. He hugged his knees and watched us go. I hoped he wouldn't check the shotgun. Later I could see he was on his back, apparently asleep.

Evening was coming down quickly. Steam was rising off the lake and it was getting cold. The rises were less frequent. I switched to a Woolly Worm and immediately took a trout near a weedy shelf. An icy wind began to blow and drifted the whorls of steam. Above us stars appeared; you could pick out the beacon of Arcturus, far Darda, the seven daughters of Atlas—the Pleiades—doomed to be pursued by Orion across the night skies for eternity. From somewhere I heard the lonely shriek of an elephant.

When we could no longer see to fish we reeled in and took down the rods. Then I rowed over to where we had left the *askari*. Predictably, he was no longer there. "Chap's buggered off with my flagon," said Dowle. I said nothing and rowed back across the lake to the boat mooring. We secured the line, gutted the fish in very cold water, then hiked up the bluff. We used the lights of the inn to guide us and walked heavily to alert snakes.

Dinner was over, but the clerk said there were some warm scraps left in the kitchen and he would ask the servants to prepare them. He did not seem happy to see us. Later I found out why. He came into the kitchen just as we were finishing coffee. "I prefer you not hire Mwangi again," he said, not unpleasantly.

"Mwangi?"

"The *askari*."

Ah, there was a Judas among us. At once I suspected Sherlock Holmes of the deerstalker and artful casts. There was no point in lying about it. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't understand the ground rules."

"Yes. Well, here's another: we don't permit staff to drink." This less pleasantly. "Did you give Mwangi some sprits?"

"Certainly not," Dowle answered, shamelessly.

"Then that wouldn't be yours, would it?" The clerk pointed out the silver flask. It had been sitting on the counter in plain view all the while we were eating, a clever trap. The crafty bastard was an Agatha Christie fan. The fisherman did it.

"Never saw it before in my life," said Dowle. I had a

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Christmas *continued*

moment of quiet panic. The thought occurred that he might have had it engraved with his initials. That would have been Dowle.

"I'll take your word on that," said the clerk, gentleman to gentleman. "But this is now a matter for the police."

I stifled.

"Beg pardon?" asked Dowle.

"You see, in his stupor, he mislaid the cartridges for the Greener gun. We have to account for every one. Terrorists, you know."

That was true enough. While the Mau Mau had been defeated, its successor—the Land Freedom Army—was quite active, yet to be winked out by security forces. There were recurrent reports of oath-taking ceremonies by movement witch doctors deep in the forest. Weapons had been stolen from police stations and later turned up in terrorist caches. Thus, losing arms or ammunition was an offense that carried a prison sentence.

I removed the two cartridges from my jacket. "I didn't think it was safe to have a loaded gun in the boat," I said. "And you're dead right. He'd been drinking." No honor among us thieves, the dirty snitch.

The clerk took the cartridges. "That was thoughtful," he said. "How's fishing, then?"

"Cracking," said Dowle.

The clerk suggested we join the other guests, who were celebrating Christmas Eve in the bar. Then he left us, going to wherever inn clerks go at such a time.

"Bloody cheek," said Dowle when he was safely out of earshot. "I'm quite fond of that flagon."

"Was," I reminded.

"Do you think we might pinch it back?" The clerk had left the flask on the counter and Dowle was eyeing it hopefully.

"No," I said. "Absolutely not."

Outside, frost was forming on the grass and our breath steamed against the lights of the cottages. Somebody was playing a bagpipe in the bar. We followed the music down the flagstone walk beneath the pines. The windows of the bar glowed and there was sweat on the panes from the heat inside. A confusion of shadows was reflected on the glass.

The bar was jammed, foggy with tobacco smoke, deafening. Only half the occupants seemed to be guests at the inn. You could pick out uniforms: the white jackets and berets tipped with vulture

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feathers of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers up from their base at nearby Gilgil; blues and red piping, the mess kit of the artillery; the khaki and knee socks of policemen. The piper was seated by the fireplace. His cheeks bulged like little red balloons as he played and squeezed the pipe bag.

We wrestled our way to the bar. Dowle hammered for service on the wet wood. "Innkeeper," he roared, "bring sides of beef and buckets of ale. Prepare the wenches."

I examined the room. It was built of logs and chinked with mortar, and there were trophies on the walls. A bongo had been decorated with a garland of pine boughs for the occasion; a forest hog mouthed an apple; mistletoe festooned the sweeping horns of a buffalo above the door. A snooker game was in progress in an annex off the main room and two policemen played loudly at darts. There was an old crank telephone behind the bar. You had to shout to be heard above the din.

In this madness, unimpressed and serene, I saw Sherlock Holmes. He still wore his deerstalker and was sitting at the very end of the bar, poring through a fly book, sipping a brandy. At close range I could see he had arranged a collection of small medicine bottles on the bar. Each contained a pickled insect and was neatly labeled in Latin. He would select a fly, a nymph, and compare it with the appropriate natural. He sensed me over his shoulder.

"I find it pleasant to work with people about," he said, hardly looking up. Then, "I saw you on the lake."

He turned and shook hands gently like a doctor feeling for pain. He picked up a bottle. "That's the one, you know."

The bottle label read *Chloronella peringweya*. It contained an evil-looking nymph about an inch and a half long with prominent jaws. "Toebiter," said Sherlock Holmes. "Deadly."

I wondered if he meant to humans or fish. He matched it with a creation from the fly book. With a finely woven body ridged to copy the thorax segments, it was nearly identical. I asked him if he tied it himself.

"Yes," he said. "We all have our corruptions."

Doubtless. And I was reminded of an old man with a butterfly set I had once encountered in then Tanganyika. He had

been walking on the side of the track, completely alone, under the burning sun in the middle of the bush. He was unarmed, and I had seen rhino about, but he refused my offer of a lift. He was a German and he said that the butterflies and their beauty had corrupted him. At the time I thought him to be mad.

I asked Sherlock Holmes if he was a professional man, a lawyer perhaps, a scientist. No, he said. He worked for Brooke Bond, the tea people, who owned large plantations near Kericho. He was a salesman. He had been widowed in England some years before and had come to Africa to survive the memories. He had purchased a burial plot behind a small church in Chalfont Saint Giles not far from the river Chess, and there they would send him when he died.

His only son, an RAF pilot, was killed when his Lancaster was shot down by a German night fighter over the Ruhr. So now he was alone with his insects and his art. Clearly he was coping. He was a kind and gentle man with lively blue eyes and a face as round as a soccer ball and we exchanged fishing stories, of which he knew a great many, some quite amusing. In the end we made a date to fish the next morning. There was a stream not far away, he said, that was rarely disturbed, and though it was quite narrow, it held sizable trout.

Dowle was talking with a thin, mysterious man. "Meet Mr. Kovacs," he said. "Kovacs here is Hungarian. He's half Gypsy, can you imagine?"

I asked him if he had come for the fishing. The Hungarian's dark features went blank. "Fishing?" he asked. "What is this fishing?" Then, at once, he seemed to understand. "Ah, yes," he said. "The trout. No. We come for Christmas. More better here than in Nairobi."

"Tell him about the revolution," Dowle prompted. "Chap here was in the revolution."

Yes. Kovacs went over it again, and in great detail, Dowle nodding encouragement. He described how he had shot at the Russian tanks from a bridge in Budapest, his wife passing him the pans of fresh ammunition. The tanks had been buttoned down so Kovacs shot at the periscopes, blinding them. When the commanders opened the hatches to see, he killed them. "Tak-a-tak-a-tak-a-tak-a-tak-a-tak-a-tak-a!" Kovacs used his finger to fire a long burst down the bar.

Then he acted out the death of the tank-er, throwing up his arms and sliding below the counter. It was a little too graphic. His wife, also thin and dark and mysterious, nodded vigorously. "Yes, just so," she said. "That was the way."

"A freedom fighter," said Dowle. "This is stirring stuff." He leaned over to Kovacs as if to speak confidentially. "Hungarians," he announced. "They will conquer the world. Do you know why?"

Kovacs looked puzzled, said nothing. "Because they can follow you into a revolving door and leave first."

Kovacs smiled. He did not understand. At times Dowle could have the tact of a fire engine even though he meant no offense. "This," said Dowle with a great sweep of his arm, "is an avary of very interesting people."

I was probably hearing things, but I could swear there was a band playing outside the bar. You could hear the distant thumps of a bass drum and the rattle of snares, the humph-humph of a tuba. Suddenly the door was flung open and an African dressed in a ragged Salvation Army uniform pranced into the bar. He slammed to a halt by the counter and snapped a vibrating salute. He removed his white cap and began to pass it through the bar. And beyond the door, in formation upon the lawn, there was a band. With a whistle and a clap of the drum it swung into *God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*.

It was time to make the Christmas dole, for the Salvation Army is present in Africa just as surely as it is on Fifth Avenue: the Million Dollar, Boom-a-ty-Boom South Kinangop Marching Band. We all dug deep for it, then emptied out on the lawn for the concert. The heat trapped within the bar escaped into the cold night, smoking, as though there had been a fire inside. The band played *O Tannenbaum*, and wisps of steam curled up from the instruments.

There were possibly 20 of them. Some had uniforms, some did not. One wore a Colobus monkey head skin. Dowle nudged me and pointed. It was the *akara*. He was trying to keep upright in the front rank, weaving, making pawing motions at the zebra-hide drum slung at his side. Throughout the concert not one of us on the lawn said a word. To have spoken of the off-key trombones, the ill-timed interruptions of the tuba, would

continued

have been to insult Christmas itself. The band concluded with a rousing *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing*. The leader saluted again and shouted an order in the shrill howl of a sergeant major getting a grip on the men.

The band about-turned and marched back into the night, returning to nowhere. For a long time you could hear the beat of the drum marking cadence. Then there was only quiet.

One by one the guests and the customers went back to the bar. Men watched their drinks and did not speak. I decided to turn in.

Sherlock Holmes arrived at dawn with a Thermos of hot tea and a paper bag of scones and we walked ankle-deep in the hoarfrost through the gray light and into the forest. It was very quiet there. The only sounds were our breathing, the whisper of the ferns as we passed. Then a bird called, a monkey chattered. There was mist hanging in the hollows and shrouding the fig trees. We hiked perhaps two miles to the stream, which knifed and tumbled through the forest. It was heavily overhung with foliage so that you could not cast, but there were lovely pools and long stretches of pocket water. At its widest it was only 20 feet.

"There's a trick to this," said Holmes. He tied a "ioebster" nymph to his leader. Then he searched the ground and found a large leaf. He stripped line from the end of his rod and placed it in carefully arranged coils on a rock in the stream. The nymph he put upon the leaf. Then, cautiously, he released it into the current. It spun and bobbed downstream toward a pool: the coils of line slipped off the rock. When the leaf reached the pool he lifted the rod tip, and the nymph fell off. Immediately there was an explosion in the pool and Sherlock Holmes was into a very heavy trout.

It was an incredible performance. I had never heard of such a play. It was a fight by remote control, for he could not see the pool entirely and had to handle the fish by feel alone. He paid out line but made no sudden movements which would further alarm the trout. Steadily, expertly, he guided the fish from under banks and logs. "There's a good lad," he said as he led the trout to midstream again.

"Problem is," Holmes said, "takes a long time." But he was in control. And he was getting back line. He used his wrist

to counterattack the runs, turning it first this way, then that, then up, then down. As he worked the trout, he conversed.

"What's an American doing here?" he wanted to know.

I told him the truth: nothing.

"Hear what happened to your Menen Williams?"

Yes, I had. Williams was Under Secretary for African Affairs.

"Got pinched in the nose, didn't he? Some farmer in Larsika. Right at the airport, they say." The trout made a savage run. Holmes fed it line, brought things under control.

"Course you don't run around saying things like, 'Africa for the Africans' and expect the whites to love you, do you?" Short, sharp tugs by the trout to no avail. Holmes was talking like a barber cutting hair.

I explained that Williams had corrected himself. What he really meant was Africa for all Africans, blacks and whites.

"Well, the man's a complete ass, of course. But he was right the first time. No more room for you here. No more room for me."

What about Holmes, then, I inquired. Would he go home?

"Oh, I shall die in due course," he said. An adjustment of the wrist was made. "Always time enough for that," he added. "Now this"—a sudden convulsion from the trout—"fish here. Shall it be thumbs up or down?"

I said he'd make a fine wall fish. Personally, I like to keep my very large trout, just one every now and then. They come so infrequently that I tend to be piggyish when they do. No, in my net, that trout would last seconds only.

"It being Christmas," said Holmes, "I choose not to play God."

In the middle of Africa, on a Christmas morning, hard into a big trout... an eavesdropper would have thought this conversation ludicrous. But no one was there. Just me. And there seemed nothing odd about it at all.

The trout was finished. Holmes waded out into the stream, his deerstalker as firmly in place as if it grew there, and tailed the trout. It was enormous.

"I'll bet he goes 24 inches," I said. I rummaged in my vest for a tape measure.

"No," said Holmes. "I don't touch him."

The trout lay in the shallows, exhausted. Its gills heaved, pulsed. Holmes held

him in the water, sliding his hand softly under the belly. With a quick motion he unhooked his nymph. Then he gingerly unhooked the brown back to deep water. He held it there, the great hooked-jaw head upstream, until it swam from his hands, rolled to right itself and disappeared downstream. "They have a marvelous feel to them, don't they?" He seemed to suffix every sentence with a question. I didn't know how they felt. I knew how I felt about such a fish. I felt sick.

We parted at the pool and agreed to meet again in an hour. Holmes went downstream. "Watch for snakes," he warned. "Gaboos vipers. Big as your thigh. They drink here. Too sluggish to get out of your way. Still, if you should be bitten, there's nothing I can do for you."

With extreme timidity I walked upstream. I watched the ground as if it were mined. I tried Holmes' technique of the leaf, and it worked, instantly. Not so the battle. I lacked the experience to guide the trout away from the holes and brush piles. As a result I caught only small fish. The heavier ones broke me off. I lost good fish at the head of nearly every pool. I kept no trout. At the end of the hour I returned to our rendezvous and was shocked to find Holmes gutting a nice three-pound brown.

He glanced up as I approached. "One thing about us humans," he alighted, "we tend to change our minds. Besides, I detest Christmas goose."

I told him that he was being a hypocrite. This more out of jealousy than righteousness.

"Take your goose," he said, moving the knife around inside the fish's body. "They mate for life, you know. Ever heard a goose that's lost its mate? Quite pathetic. Makes dreadfully sad noises."

He stood up and wiped the knife blade with a checkered handkerchief. The trout lay in the shallows at his feet and its intestines flowered out into the current. "Here," he said, pointing the knife at the fish, "know much about these animals? Astonishing, really."

I said I knew a little, feeding habits and the like, but of different trout in another country.

"All the same," said Holmes. He squatted down and poked in the mess of offal with the knife. "Here, the gills. The little points on them—look like teeth—"

continued



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are called gillrakers. They seine out gravels and such when he takes in water to breathe. This gizmo here in the throat is the pharynx. Acts like a valve. Keeps water out of the tummy when he feeds."

The knife moved deftly, separating the various organs. Holmes explained the function of each. Then he opened the stomach and raked out the contents. "There, you see," he said triumphantly. "Toobsters."

It was a lecture worthy of a surgeon in the Johns Hopkins amphitheater. An entire life of fly-fishing, and one never would have guessed.

"Wish I could show you the lateral line system," he said. "The canals and sensors in the flanks. Works on vibrations like a drum. Finds his food that way." He severed the intestines from the trout and cleaned its spine with his thumbnail. Then he slipped the corpus delicti into his wicker creel. Class dismissed.

We walked back to the inn, Holmes sweeping his rod case at the undergrowth to panic away snakes. Christmas luncheon was nearly ready.

I found Dowle supping a Bloody Mary in the lounge and explained to him how it went on the stream with Sherlock Holmes, the trademark of the leaf, the anatomy lesson afterward. I told him I had learned more about trout fishing in three hours than I had in the 10 previous years.

The lounge was filling up. It was a largeish room with beamed ceilings and chintz upholstery. There were issues of *Punch* and *Country Life* on the coffee tables. Many of them were back issues dated several years before. Local newspapers—the *East African Standard* and *Nation*—hung from racks on wooden binders. It smelled very Victorian.

An African wearing a green fez and a white robe came in and gonged for dinner. There was a single long table in the dining room around which we were seated. There were name cards and each place was set with party favors, clown caps and birthday snap-crackers. For the 30-odd of us it was close quarters.

I found my name midway down the table next to a middle-aged French couple. The man, whose name was Marcel, said he worked for the Messageries Maritimes shipping line in Abidjan in the Ivory Coast.

They served us goose and roast pig both of which were garlanded with red

berries and were carved on a long side table. The pig had been cooked whole and there were berries for his eyes, an apple in his mouth. The Frenchman beckoned a waiter and requested Vichy water. "A habit acquired in West Africa," he explained. "One must be on guard for the water."

I told him he could drink it from the tap in Kenya.

"Nevertheless," he insisted. "It is safe. My stomach is a church."

The goose and pig were delicious, crisp and juicy and sweet. As we ate there was little conversation. All you could hear was the clatter of cutlery on plates. Sherlock Holmes was not present.

I asked the clerk, who was sitting across from me, if he had seen the man with the deerstalker. "Oh, him," he replied. He groped for the name. "Trench-Jones. He's been here every Christmas I can remember. Strange sort of bod. Rarely comes to table. Sometimes the boys tell me his bed hasn't been slept in. They seem to think he spends the night in the forest. They say he is haunted."

"Perhaps he favors the mores," said the Frenchman.

"No," the clerk answered mulishly. "He takes a pack lunch."

A rather tepid English couple sat kitty-corner to the clerk. The place card read "Galsworthy." They ate like marionettes, matching each other mouthful by mouthful. I recalled they were among the croquet players we had seen when we arrived. Occasionally Mrs. Galsworthy broke the rhythm to turn and pass a morsel of pig to a large Alsatian bitch. I asked if the animal belonged to the inn.

"Not her," said Galsworthy. "You're looking at 50 quid of dog there. More, I expect, if you count the six-month quarantine when we shipped her here." He claimed he never let her out of his sight. He was terrified of interbreeding with the village pye-dogs. "They gang rape, you know," he said. "I've seen them."

Everyone put on party hats for dessert, a sherbet served with a cannonball of a plum pudding flamed with brandy. With his magician's hat, Dowle looked like a beardless Merlin. Suddenly, the Frenchman said, "I believe your American politicians are *pioneer* and *posers*."

The comment was so startling, so out of place, that those within earshot stopped eating. But it was not an insult. It was simply a Frenchman's way of an-

nouncing he wishes to change the subject to politics. Besides, he was right.

"They are *égoïstes* and in constant need of massaging," he added. "They are incompetent and order wars that we must die in. They spend your money and touch your flesh. They are *dégoûtant*, you understand. And in my language that is worse than in yours."

Down the table someone lifted a horn and blew a Bronx cheer.

I asked him about DeGaulle, who was said to be restoring the honor of France.

"A swine like yours," said Marcel, "a breeder of *apparatchiks* who are no better. They are like pilot fish to sharks, parasites who live as whores."

"Rubbish," said Galsworthy. "Our son works for the FO, and he is not an *apparatchik* nor is he a whore."

"Ask his soul," said the Frenchman. "The mind always rationalizes."

In a very French way, he was, of course, correct. But who, then, is to lead? And who shall follow?

"Ah, that is the irony of our race. It is a *fait accompli* of our own doing."

Dowle said, "I have the answer. We shall all be reincarnated as trout and we shall meet back here every Christmas. There will be a vote to elect the chief trout."

"This is no joking matter," Marcel said.

Galsworthy said, "It's Christmas."

"Well put," said Dowle. "And so it is."

We adjourned to the lounge for brandy. Still no Holmes. We were leaving that afternoon to shoot duck on Lake Naivasha, and I wanted to exchange addresses. But he had not returned by three, our deadline. We packed and paid the bill, which was ridiculously low, something like \$5 each. We left the office and walked to the Land Rover. The Galsworthys were playing croquet again. The others I didn't know. The Alsatian kept disturbing the play, shagging the ball.

There was a small parcel in the front seat of the Land Rover. It was addressed: "Messrs. Dowle & Adams."

Dowle undid the knotted string and folded back the neat wrapping. It was the flask. He unscrewed the cap and turned it upside down. "It's empty," he said.

We drove out the road past the silhouette trout. Mist was rolling down from the forest like milk in a water glass, and with it came a fine rain that closed be-

hind us like a curtain. For a while we said nothing. There was only the grind of the engine and the bat-bating of the windshield wipers. Farther down the slope we broke out of the clouds and saw the Rift spreading below us. The sun was quite bright on the lakes and you could see a rainbow over Mount Longonot. Dowle said, "I think I should like to go back there again."

I said I didn't think so. It would never be the same, and best not to spoil it.

"I suppose so," said Dowle. "One has a funny feeling that if we turned around and went back it wouldn't be there anymore."

In 1974 the storms of the fall equinox came to Montana on schedule, exactly on Sept. 20, and if you were in the mountains, that's where you stayed until it blew itself out. I waited it through on the shore of a small lake in the Spanish Peaks, and when the storm was done I broke camp, packed the mule and set off down the trail to the valley. At 7,000 feet, the clouds thinned and parted and revealed the valley below. I could see Farris Lake in the distance, the African ocher of the bluffs and mesas, and for the first time since I left it I thought seriously about Africa and the Brown Trout Inn. *Déjà vu*, inexplicably, suddenly. What had happened to the inn?

I called the Kenya Embassy in Washington for information. No, they had never heard of it. But since I wanted to research the subject, I asked them about the trout. "Our trouts," came the reply from the PR man, nationalistically, if not predictably, "they are Kenya trouts." Next I inquired after Major Grogan, who had put them there. Silence, indecisive. Finally, "Mr. Grogan doesn't live here anymore." He might have been a tenant, evicted when the embassy bought the building. I tried to explain, to no avail.

Then I called Dowle in England. He is successful now, well past the salad days and into the main course. Yes, he had intelligence. But it was not recent. After independence they had subdivided the Kinarangop. It was all being farmed now, he had heard. As for the inn, well, it had been sold to the government, which had turned it into a school. So there was no more Brown Trout.

But perhaps, as Dowle himself had observed, there never was.

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Basketball's Week

by KENT MANNON

MIDWEST Two neighbors from Arlington Heights, Ill., DePaul Coach Ray Meyer and his prize sophomore, 6'11" Dave Corrine, particularly enjoyed a Blue Demons' 78-76 upset at Louisville. The win was Meyer's 513th, tops among active NCAA coaches—but it also marked one of the few times Corrine has dominated a first-class opponent. He put an 17 points, had 11 assists and blocked four shots to shut off Louisville's inside game. Another Chicago suburbanite, sophomore Joe Pometto, led DePaul's scorers with 28 points in an 81-72 victory over Drake.

Cincinnati defeated Besayne 74-52 and Bowling Green 98-81, but Guard Hal Ward thinks the Bearcats picked up some bad habits during their summer tour of Australia. "We didn't have to play defense, and we took a lot of crazy shots," Ward says. "We're still taking them." Sophomore Center Robert Miller was a steady influence with 42 points and 24 rebounds in the two games.

Kansas State's "Purple Pop Guns"—Gentry Mike Evans and Chuckie Williams—combined for 41 points in a 71-61 defeat of Arizona. Their performances prompted losing Coach Fred Snowden to say, "Mike and Chuckie can play with anyone—at night, on the playground, barefoot—anytime." Missouri won its sixth straight 80-57 over South Dakota State behind Willie Smith's 30 points.

Oral Roberts got through what Coach Jerry Hale termed its "most crucial week ever" by defeating Murray State 90-58 at home and edging Tulsa 70-69 and previously unbeaten Southern Cal 83-80 on the road.

1. CINCINNATI (8-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (3-1)

MIDEAST Notre Dame, the only team with a nationwide TV network all its own, brought relief to coaches throughout the country by televising its game at Indiana. Although the Hoosiers won 63-60, the Irish showed that Indiana is not as indecipherable as it looked against UCLA. Notre Dame, which once trailed by 14 points, had a chance for an upset until IU Guard Quint Buckner made two free throws with 11 seconds left. The Irish held Center Kent Benson scoreless for the first 26 minutes of the game and had an edge in half-court and rebounding. But good floor play by Buckner, 25-point scoring by Forward Scott May and a 34-16 Hoosier advance-

ment in free throw attempts enabled Indiana to pull out the victory.

Purdue was beaten by Providence 66-59, its second loss without Guard Bruce Parkinson, who may miss the rest of the season after breaking his wrist against Rutgers. His presence might have solved a San Diego State press that helped the Aztecs score the game's last 15 points and overtake the Boilermakers 81-79. Michigan Guard Ritchey Green had 27 points in a 91-82 defeat of South Carolina and Center Phil Hubbard scored 19 in a 106-80 rout of Dayton.

After losing its two opening games for the first time since 1926, Kentucky beat Miami of Ohio 91-69. Forward Jack Givens scored 31 points and Center Rick Robey set a school record by connecting on 11 of 12 shots. Auburn squeezed past South Florida 79-78 behind Guard Eddie Johnson's 28 points and Alabama had four players in double figures in a 76-62 defeat of Middle Tennessee.

"The key to the game was I got a haircut," said—who else?—Marquette's Al McGuire after his Warriors managed their first impressive performance of the season, an 80-59 defeat of Drake. Reason? "The players listen to me more since I don't look so wild."

1. INDIANA (3-0) 2. MARQUETTE (3-0)

EAST Rutgers and St. John's enjoyed exceptional weeks. The Scarlet Knights took on three teams—Boston College, Penn and Connecticut—whose combined records were 62-24 last year. Result? None came within a dozen points of them. Rutgers is probably the fastest team in the country and has five players capable of scoring 20 points in any game. A peek at the Knights' schedule reveals they already have played—and beaten—their best opponents. An undefeated regular-season record would not be surprising.

BORN, LEN & BRY—YOU! SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HOME read one of the signs welcoming transplanted New Yorkers. Bernard King, Ernie Grunfeld and Ivy Chairman back to the Big Apple for Tennessee's game with St. John's. When the Redmen finished with the Vols, the Tennessee threesome must have been ready to agree. In a 79-70 St. John's victory, outside shooting by Glen Williams, George Johnson and Beaver Smith cut Tennessee's zone defense to ribbons, and hustling defense stopped the Vols' fast break and held Grunfeld to only six baskets in 17 at-

tempts. Chairman, a freshman, seemed lost during a brief appearance as a sub. But King was excellent as usual, scoring 24 points and collecting 17 rebounds. St. John's continued winning at the Cougar Clavin in Provo, Utah. The Redmen beat Tulsa 78-62 and took the title game over host Brigham Young 78-65 as 5'10" Guard Frank Alagia was the unanimous choice for MVP.

North Carolina washed Kentucky 90-77 and, at one point, Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith came off the bench for a fist-shaking, jaw-to-jaw confrontation with the Wildcats' mild-mannered Joe Hall. Three men fouled out on each side in a game that Carolina Center Mitch Kupchak said "ranks right up there in roughness with the one we played with the Russians." Maryland crushed Boston U., 122-82 and Georgia Tech 93-65.

North Carolina State, which plays nine of its first 13 games at home and four others on a "neutral" court in Greensboro, N.C., took its fourth straight 109-94 over Western Carolina as Forward Kenny Carr upped his scoring average to 29.3.

Villanova snapped Princeton's 16-game winning streak, the longest among major college teams, 51-49.

1. HARTLAND (5-0) 2. NC. CAROLINA (4-0)

WEST San Francisco lost the first of two games in Hawaii 81-80, but for once no one blamed the referees. A Mountain Valley Conference official joined a Hawaiian ref in working the contest, and the Dons actually shot more free throws than the Rainbows. USF could not free 7-foot Tommy Barker (23 points) or sophomore Guard Henry Hollingsworth (24), and Hawaiian freshman Reggie Carter kept his team's offense moving with 19 assists. The next night USF's 6'6" guard, Marlon Redmond, scored 30 points and freshman Forward James Hardy hit a jumper at the end of the second overtime to win the rematch for the Dons 105-103.

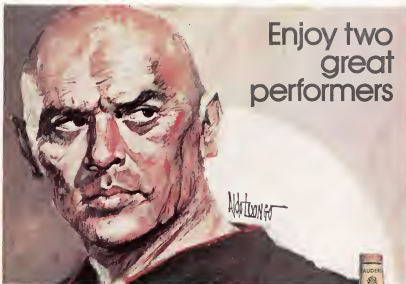
Disappointing Arizona stretched its losing streak to three by falling to Nevada-Las Vegas 98-94 and Idaho State 87-82. The Wildcats pulled out of their slump with an 83-81 victory over SMU, but they needed Bob Elliott's three-point play with 1:40 left to do it. Arizona State also faced SMU and Idaho State, and came away with a pair of wins, 88-85 over the Mustangs and 82-81 over the Bengals.

Las Vegas stretched its record to 6-0 in a 122-82 shootout with South Alabama while UTEP's weak offense limped to a 53-48 decision over West Texas State.

Unbeaten Washington got 28 points from Clarence Ramey and 21 more from 7-foot James Edwards in trouncing Montana State 113-79. UCLA was idle.

1. UCLA (2-1) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (8-1)

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

HOG TIED

Sir:

Your Dec. 8 issue had all the ingredients of a bestselling novel: a moving account of the ruinous of Kentucky's football season by vicious rumors, the excitement of a new college basketball champion (Indiana) crushing the traditional leader (UCLA) and the comeback story of the Baltimore Colts. All this combined to make up an epic issue. So why did you have to tarnish it by pulling Texas A&M on the cover, thus abruptly ending its chances for a Cotton Bowl bid?

BOB COUGHLIN

Horseheads, N.Y.

Sir:

Here's a recipe for pork-flavored Cotton Bowl: one large serving of SI cover jinx; 48 Aggie-choke; one king-sized Razorback filled with desire; two Chug! gas! real! gas! ems!; one pinch of rough tough; one dash of real stuff and one large "Gosh dawg."

KEN PRYONCHIA
BARRY WHOLEY

Easthampton, Mass.

Sir:

The Aggies had waited so long, why couldn't you have waited one more week?

STEVEN J. ALTHREI

Herkimer, N.Y.

KENTUCKY'S TRIBULATIONS

Sir:

Thank you for your excellent article on Sonny Collins and the University of Kentucky football team (*The Setting Was Ripe for Scandal*, Dec. 8). Sonny, or Alfred as he was called in high school in Madisonville, has been fighting injuries and adversity throughout his career. He is the most exciting player in Kentucky history. Sonny will always be No. 1 with us.

DAVID WELDON

Owensboro, Ky.

Sir:

The article by John Underwood and Morton Sharmik was a fine piece of work that enabled the reader to understand much of what has happened at this university. The most important point made was that activities of athletes at Kentucky are probably not much different from those of athletes at other colleges. I do not mean to condone those activities, but only to show that Kentucky is perhaps a little better off than many other universities in that it is not afraid to look at its programs and publicize their faults. I con-

gratulate SI and only hope that everyone concerned will read the article and judge the people involved with a clear head.

PERRY MARGULIS

Lexington, Ky.

BOLD TALK IN BALTIMORE

Sir:

As an avid reader of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a fan of the Baltimore Colts, I found it especially satisfying to read Mark Mulvey's article *The New Colts Are Mighty Frisky* (Dec. 8). It is advisable that the football community reacquaint itself with the Colts, as they will be more and more visible.

KEN GOLDBERG

Westminster, Md.

Sir:

On page 50 of your pro football issue (Sept. 22) Mark Mulvey stated "we will arrive in '75 read the bumper stickers in Baltimore. They might say by '78." Let us all be silent for a moment while he eats crow.

GREGORY BENNETT

Onancock, Va.

Sir:

Come on, SI. Lots of general managers have put together good teams on paper. However, it's the coach who makes the team perform on the field. Joe Thomas may have had just a little help at Miami from Don Shula. If Thomas has a forte, it is picking the right coach—example, Ted Marchbroda.

EUGENE C. KENNY

Bethel, Conn.

Sir:

In order to get back the alienated fan, the Colts need to make only one more change. They must cut Joe Thomas.

JEFF TAYLOR

Fairfield, Pa.

PASS THE HETCHUP

Sir:

I find it amusing to reread a letter in your Sept. 22 issue which says, "The likes of Penn State, Florida, Texas and Texas A&M finishing higher than Notre Dame? Never." "Never" lasted less than two months.

E. J. FISCHER

Malibu, Calif.

MORE PCBs

Sir:

Thanks so much for Robert H. Boyle's article on PCBs (*The Spreading Menace of PCB*, Dec. 1). Your magazine has wide sup-

port, and also a responsibility to alert us to problems such as this that affect a number of sports. Please keep it up. We want more of the same.

BOB DANKO

Clemson, S.C.

Sir:

I'll admit the presence in fish of PCB is a bad thing. But tell me something. Lake George gets called a trouble spot. Yet Lake George is fed by springs and a few mountain streams, all of them pure. There is no sewage. The water is drunk by all the surrounding inhabitants. And there are no industries to contaminate it. So how do those trout in that deep cold water accumulate so much PCB? The mind boggles.

ROBERT GORDON

Englewood, N.J.

• Ogden R. Reid, commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, agrees that it is a mystery but cites four possible sources of PCB infiltration into Lake George that his department is currently investigating: 1) leaching from small landfills; 2) PCBs transported by air from the Glens Falls-Hudson Falls-Fort Edward, N.Y. area; 3) marine and road operations; and 4) geologic connections with contaminated waters in the region.—ED.

CORPS FIGHTING

Sir:

I commend SI and Richard W. Johnston for a fascinating piece on North Bonneville's war against the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (*Caught Standing in the Way of Progress*, Nov. 24). Having witnessed a battle won by the Engineers in central Pennsylvania—the creation of Lake Raystown in the name of flood control and recreation—I would be happy to see Corps fighting become a national sport. The head appraiser's heated remark to Pollard Dickson, "Neither you nor this little town is going to tell the Federal Government what to do!" is quintessential of the Corps.

It is a comfort indeed to hear of one fight the Engineers have lost, and to spread the word as you have done may give heart to others to stand up and challenge a bureaucratic machine that has heretofore steamrollered and bulldozed its way through the lives of Americans almost at will.

GORDON M. SHEDD

Petersburg, Pa.

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

Sir:

I think your article missed a significant point. What was not mentioned is that this country is suffering from an energy shortage and needs to find ways to alleviate the problem. It seems that every attempt to develop energy sources is met by opposition from someone. If we decide that the rights of some people are more important than the production of energy, we must also be prepared to sacrifice the energy that would have been produced. Are we ready to do that?

LAST DEFEAT

Willow Grove, Pa.

Sir:

That was a topnotch article about a Columbia River community's successful battle against the Army Corps of Engineers. You state that until this victory last August the Corps had not lost a major battle to anyone—ecologists, sportsmen or Robert Moses. Your readers should be gladdened to know that the struggles against the Corps of Engineers have not been all that bleak. The threat to Virginia's historic Rappahannock River posed by the Corps' Salem Church Dam (*Sentinels Along a Stream of Memories*, June 19, 1972) was put to rest last year. In the fall of 1973 Georgia conservationists prevailed upon Governor Carter to halt the Spewell Bluff Dam, which the Corps had planned for the state's No. 1 candidate as a scenic river. In this year alone the brakes have been put on four major Corps projects: Tocks Island Dam on the Delaware River, the Red River Gorge Dam in Kentucky, the LaFarge Dam on Wisconsin's Kickapoo River and the Bell-Foley Dam on Arkansas' Strawberry River.

Strenuous battles against a number of ongoing Corps proposals are being waged by concerned citizens, and your article provides encouragement to those of us involved in these struggles.

BRENT BLACKWELDER
Washington Representative
Environmental Policy Center

Washington, D.C.

WARN-UP

Sir:

Cancel my subscription! It is utterly deplorable that a magazine of your excellent quality would lower itself to exposing the bare nakedness of a woman just for cheap sensationalism—but keep up the good work.

BOB FELDMAN

Danville, Va.

P.S. Just thought I'd get you people ready for the onslaught that invariably follows your annual January swimsuit display.

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